

# The Sketch

No. 789.—Vol. LXI.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 11, 1908.

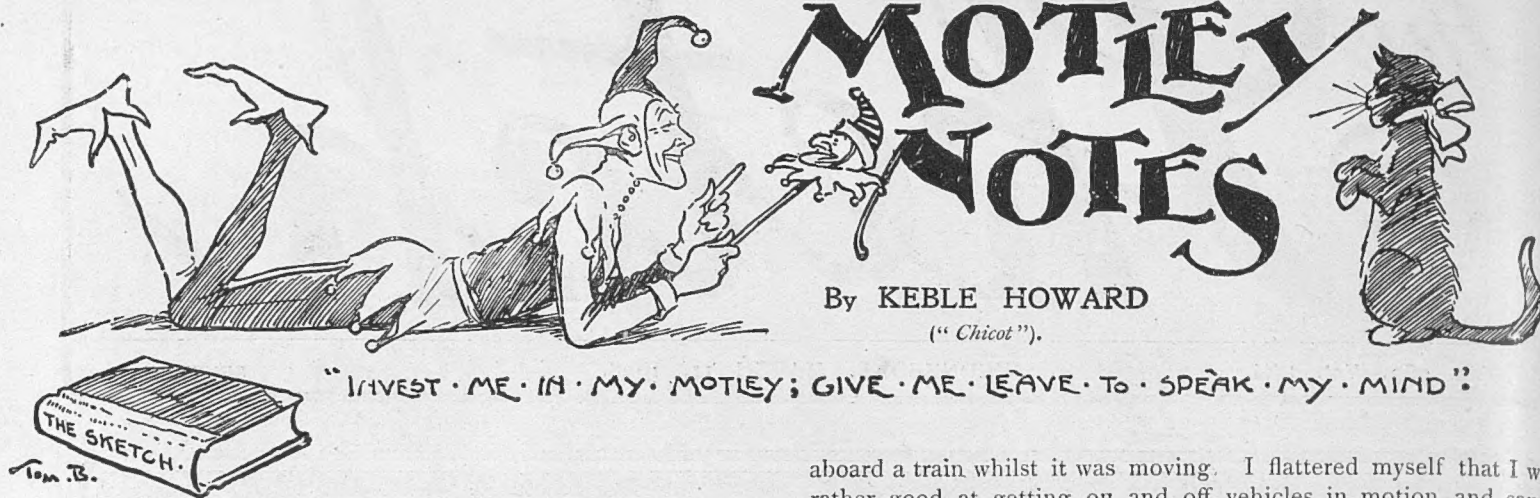
SIXPENCE.



THE NEW LONDON SENSATION: MISS MAUD ALLAN AS SALOME, AT THE PALACE.

Miss Allan is presenting a series of classical dances at the Palace Theatre, and includes in them "The Vision of Salome." She was born in Toronto, where, according to the Press Agent, "the fires of the French temperament glow ardently through the icy purity of the People of Snow." The same Press Agent gives many a flamboyant description of the dancer. Here is one of them: "Her skin is satin-smooth, crossed only by the pale tracery of delicate veins that lace the ivory. . . . Her lovely face has the small, pointed nose with sensitive nostrils that quiver responsive to every throb of emotion, while her mouth is full-lipped and ripe as a pomegranate fruit, and as passionate in its ardent curves as that of Venus herself."—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.]





"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND"

#### Homage to the Camera.

The camera, we all agreed, cannot lie; but this, as it seems to me, is its only limitation. For what has the camera not done for you, friend the reader? Has it not smoothed away your wrinkles (always presuming that you ever had any)? Has it not turned down your nose (always presuming that it was ever the least bit retroussé)? Has it not brightened your eyes? (It is needless for you to remind me that they were never dull.) Has it not lent a touch of added strength to your chin (always a monument of determination)? Has it not rounded your cheeks a trifle (although, to be sure, they were never sunken)? Has it not plucked out those few grey hairs on either side of your head (which, to be perfectly frank, were never visible to my eyes)? Has it not credited you with a radiantly sunny smile? (Let me hasten to add that you have ever been known, in my heart, as the peregrinating sunbeam.) Wonderful, wonderful camera! 'I'll make you, while you wait, what you will—virtuous, roguish, sly, frank, dull, penetrating, unaffected, coy, generous, covetous, trustful, jealous, shuffling, precise, happy-go-lucky, prosperous, ne'er-do-well, stout, thin, comfortable, uncomfortable, angelic, or satanic! If you doubt me, make a collection of picture-postcards, or pause for a few moments each day before a photographer's window.

#### ALL IN A ROW.

Five little girls in a window,  
And I'm in love with them all;  
Think on this awful disaster  
Sensitive man to befall!  
Five little girls in a window,  
And I'm in love with them all!

The first one wears a kimono,  
She's slim, and pale, and demure;  
Her eyes look sadly heavenwards—  
An angel on earth, for sure.

The second sits on a table,  
Smoking a cold cigarette;  
Her eyes meet mine: Is she simple  
And good? Why, of course! And yet—

The third girl has a wistful air,  
She yearns, with chin on hand,  
As who should say, "The heart of man  
Will woman e'er understand?"

The fourth girl laughs; her fists are clenched  
And resting on rounded hips;  
She'll promise with her eyes, this girl;  
I doubt if she'd give with lips.

The fifth girl frowns. (The sun dons grey  
To tease the summer sea.)  
The fifth girl frowns; yet 'neath that frown  
There lurketh a smile for me.

Five little girls in a window,  
And I'm in love with them all;  
Herein's a fearful disaster  
One little man to befall.  
Stay! Read the names! Joy! Eureka!  
'Tis the same little girl in all!

#### The Mummer's Life.

As a small boy, I was greatly exercised in my mind as to whether I should become, when eventually I grew up—(1) a railway-guard or (2) an actor. I envied the railway-guard's life because he, so far as I had observed, was the only man to whom it was permitted to jump

aboard a train whilst it was moving. I flattered myself that I was rather good at getting on and off vehicles in motion, and saw a brilliant and a deliriously happy future as a railway-guard. However, this desire passed; the craving for the life of the actor never passed. It was allayed in some degree, though, when I read in the *Daily Telegraph* the other day Mr. Arthur Applin's estimate of "the expenses of an actor who is engaged for thirty-five weeks in the year at a salary of two pounds per week." Mr. Applin allows the actor two pairs of boots in the year and two hats. There is no reference to slippers, without which life must be unendurable, or to caps, equally necessary to comfort. He may re-cover his umbrella at a cost of six shillings. I should save that six shillings, since I have not possessed an umbrella for many years. On the other hand, Mr. Applin would have me live—and I feel that he is a man who knows what he is talking about—in a bed-room all the year round, at the rate of five shillings a week, and spend two-and-threepence per week only on washing.

#### And a Way Out.

All this sounds pretty dismal, but I think there is a way out. We may take it for granted that a man who selects the stage as a profession has the artistic temperament. If he has not, he ought to get away from the stage as soon as possible. He has no share in this discussion. But what can be done to alleviate the lot of the genuine actor whose merits are as yet unrecognised, or who is still gaining necessary experience, and is compelled, in the meantime, to accept a salary of two pounds a week? Mr. Arthur Applin and the other active members of the Actors' Association should bear in mind, I think, that the actor has the greater part of the day to himself. One can understand, of course, that in times gone by he would be constantly busy with study and rehearsals, but the modern system leaves him free during the day, with the exception of one or two matinées. Now the artistic instinct rarely concentrates. You will find that the majority of artists have second strings to their bows. Many actors can paint, more still can write, some can sing, or even compose. But it is quite the exception for the actor to employ himself during the day. As a rule, he prefers to play golf or gossip. And yet somebody all this time, with less talent and experience than he possesses, is sitting down and earning good money. Is that a way out, Mr. Applin?

#### Notice to Suffragettes.

"I wish," writes Mrs. Humphry—whom may the gods preserve!—in *Truth*, "that women would not try to cheer. The result is a pitiful performance." To a naturally dense person, there is, at first sight, just a little obscurity in this remark. One had always believed that it was the particular privilege of women to cheer forlorn man upon his dreary way. Re-reading the sentence, one discovers that Mrs. Humphry objects to women cheering each other. This is a perfectly reasonable objection, and one that commands my approval. Men can do all the cheering of that sort that is necessary. I would not go so far as to say that a feminine cheer is pitiful, but I have known it lack conviction. The question is, where shall the substitute be found? What outlet has the Suffragette for her enthusiasm when she hears Man really effectively and adroitly cursed? She cannot cheer. Her hands are gloved. But she can always use her umbrella to advantage. In short, if I were a leader of the Suffragettes, I would display this notice, prominently, at all meetings—

WHEN MOVED TO FRENZY. DO NOT YELL;  
PLEASE BEAT THE FLOOR WITH YOUR UMBRELLA.



THE O. U. D. S. IN "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM."



1. MR. C. W. MERCER AS DEMETRIUS.

2. MR. E. HAIN AS PUCK.

3. MR. H. G. FARMER AS FLUTE.

4. MR. G. J. COLMER AS OBERON.

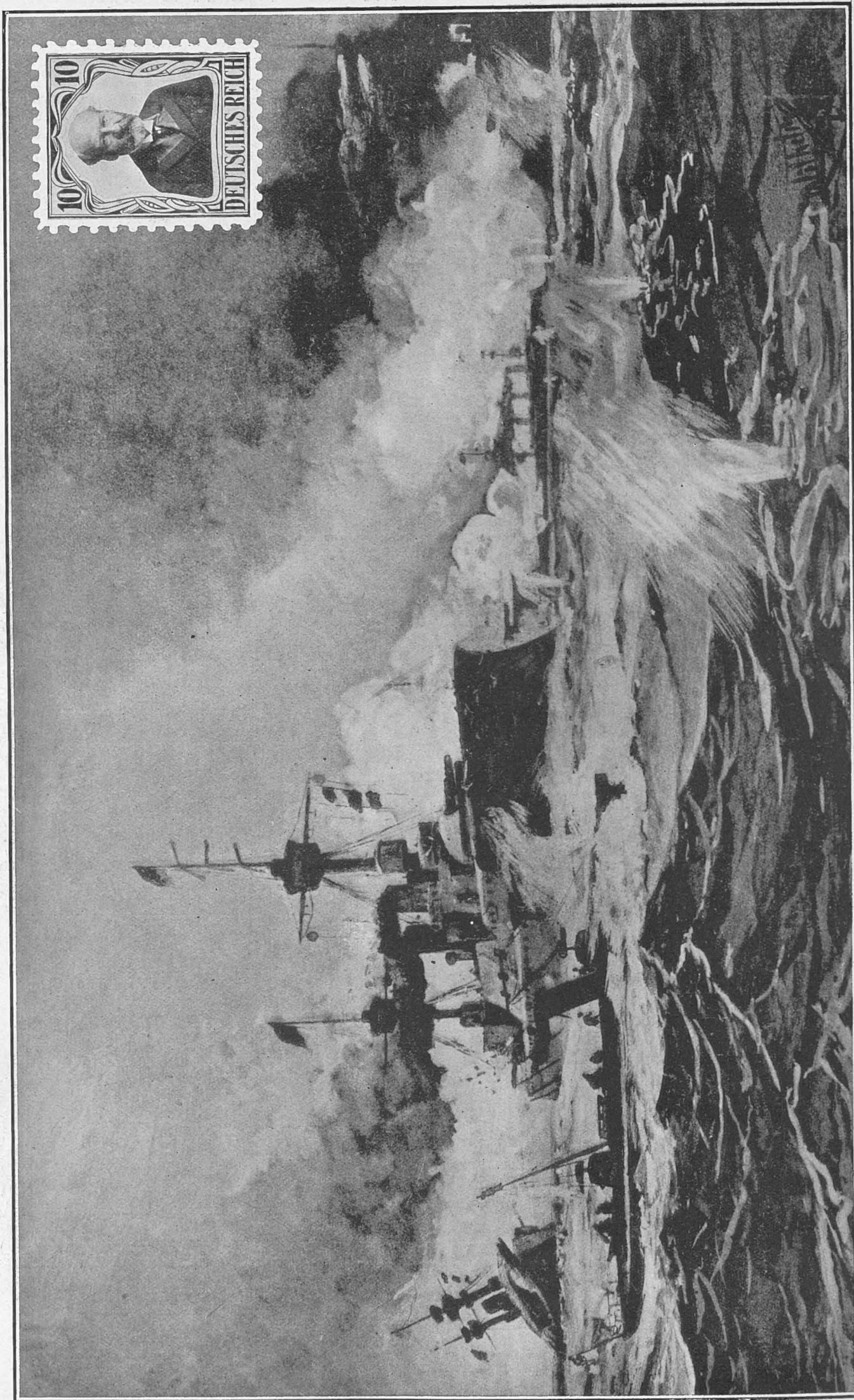
5. MR. H. L. FLETCHER AS BOTTOM.

6. MR. M. E. HANSELL AS SNOOT.

*Photographs by Hills and Saunders.*



A PICTURE POSTCARD BY THE KAISER—NOT SENT TO LORD TWEEDMOUTH.



LESS SENSATIONAL THAN LETTERS OR TELEGRAMS! A NAVAL BATTLE, DRAWN BY THE GERMAN EMPEROR, PUBLISHED AS A POSTCARD—AND STAMPED BY "THE SKETCH."

What a pity the Kaiser did not decide to send Lord Tweedmouth a picture postcard instead of a letter! What could have been more appropriate than the card illustrated, which bears a drawing of a sea-fight made by his Imperial Majesty himself? Might not, also, a delicate compliment have been paid to our First Lord of the Admiralty by the issue of a German stamp bearing his portrait? We venture to anticipate the event. The Kaiser made the drawing, it should be noted, in 1895, and it has now been published on a picture postcard, one of a series that is being sold in aid of the consumptive poor.

Portrait of Lord Tweedmouth (in a "Sketch" selling) by E. Miller: Card supplied by the Exclusive News Agency.



**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.  
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**



**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.  
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**



# SMALL TALK



MISS MARY DE LISLE, GREAT NIECE OF THE DUKE OF FIFE, WHO WAS PRESENTED THE OTHER DAY.

Photograph by the Corway Gallery.

esting addition is being made in Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. represented on the walls of the N. L. C. by a very striking counterfeit presentment of Mr. Gladstone, showing the "old man eloquent," one hand outstretched, in a characteristic attitude. Mr. Colin Forbes has had an exciting and adventurous life. As a boy he was shipwrecked in mid-ocean, and he has been the victim of no fewer than seven fires.

An Amateur Gibson Girl's Engagement. So many engagements have been chronicled at the Aldwych Theatre recently that it will become an axiom, if not an article of settled faith, that the plays written by Mr. Seymour Hicks, or those with which he is intimately associated as actor, are inspired by the strains of the "Wedding March" and rehearsed to the tintinnabulation of the Golden Bells which, no one needs reminding, are rung when hands and hearts are joined in marriage. The latest couple to come under the subtle spell of the "Hicks Drama of Romance" are Miss Ethel Radford, the youngest daughter of Mr. W. T. H. Radford, of Portland Place (who is this year the Junior Warden of the Ironmongers' Company), and Mr. Noel Curtis-Bennett, the younger son of the well-known Metropolitan magistrate. Mr. Curtis-Bennett, as *Sketch* readers are aware, is an amateur actor of considerable merit and repute, and recently played Mr. Seymour Hicks's part in a fashionable amateur performance of "The Catch of the Season" at the Scala Theatre. On that occasion the Gibson Girls, who furnished for us a page of illustrations in this paper, were impersonated by many well-known young ladies of distinguished social position. Among them was Miss Ethel Radford, who is a tall, fair girl with marked musical inclinations and ability. It was at

ONE of the youngest and prettiest débutantes presented at the early Court was Miss Mary de Lisle, great-niece of the Duke of Fife. This young lady comes, through her father, of a noted Roman Catholic family, as is shown by her curious last name of Adeolata. Mrs. de Lisle, who presented her daughter, is well known in the great Conservative world, for her husband was for six years one of the M.P.s for Leicestershire.

## A Portrait of the Premier.

The National Liberal Club, in spite of its comparative youth, already possesses some fine pictures. To these a valuable and interesting Mr. Colin Forbes's portrait of The Canadian artist is already

the rehearsals that she and Mr. Curtis-Bennett first met; and now their engagement is announced, though no date has as yet been fixed for the wedding. Mr. Curtis-Bennett is a land agent, and has made a special and practical study of the Small Holdings Act. He is exceedingly interested in agricultural matters and in politics, and since the General Election has acted as personal and political secretary to Mr. Alfred Mond, M.P. for Chester.

## Thomas Hardy and Dorset.

The revival of the old eighteenth-century service of the "Gentlemen and Others of Dorset," at St. Paul's Cathedral, was rendered memorable by the performance of some quaint old Dorset psalm-tunes, which have been collected and rescued from



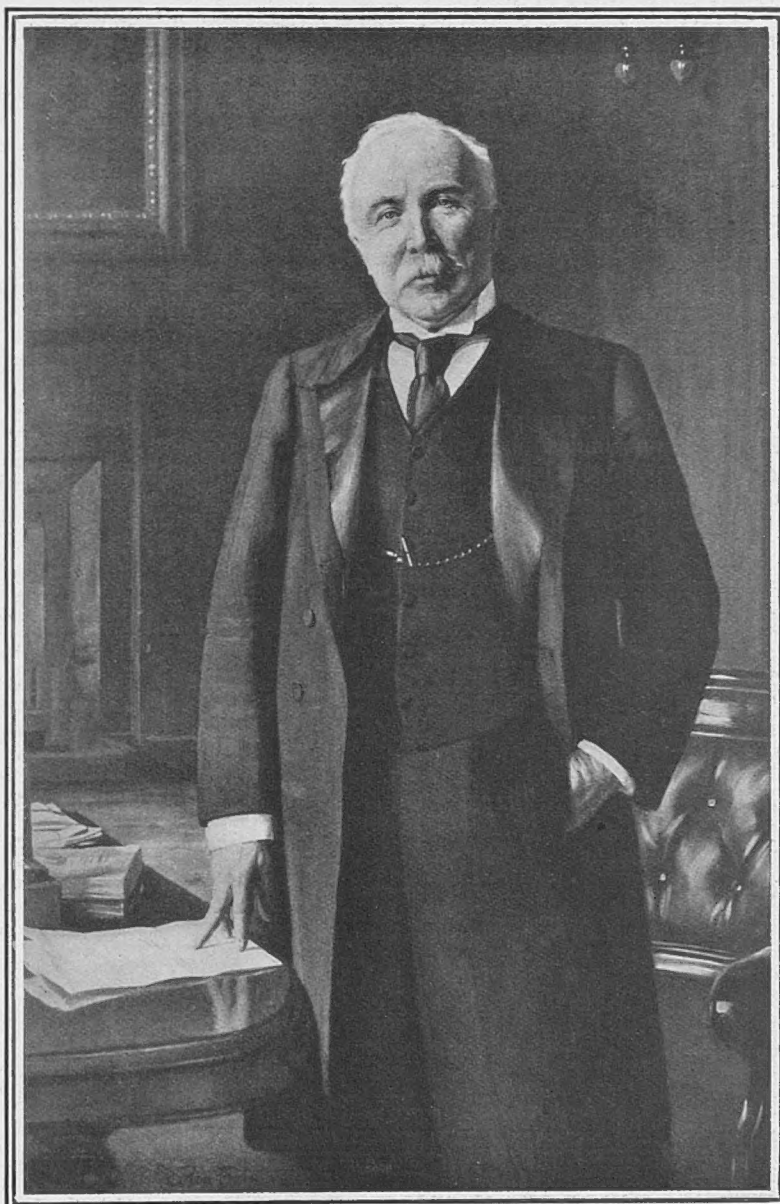
MRS. EDWIN DE LISLE, NIECE OF THE DUKE OF FIFE, WHO PRESENTED HER DAUGHTER.

Photograph by the Corway Gallery.

oblivion by the loving care of Thomas Hardy, whose publication of the last part of "The Dynasts" makes him a man of the moment. Mr. Hardy began as an ecclesiastical architect, and he drew and measured many lovely old Dorset churches which have since been ruthlessly "restored." It was while engaged on this work that he heard these old airs sung.

## Some Stories.

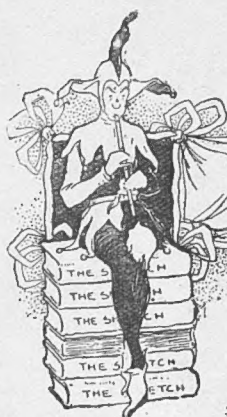
It is interesting now to recall that George Meredith accepted for publication Hardy's first novel, "The Poor Man and the Lady," which, however, has never appeared, and probably never will. Mr. Hardy always writes in copying-ink, so that he has an exact duplicate of his manuscripts. He revises a great deal, but "even Homer sometimes nods," and there is a story that when "Jude the Obscure" was running through *Harper's Magazine*, the lynx-eyed editor discovered that the author, having brought one of his characters to the very top of a hill, had immediately started him up again. Mr. Hardy's reply, on a postcard, was amusingly simple — "For 'up' read 'down.'" Browning used to declare that his fame was delayed ten or twelve years by a review of his poems which appeared in an important literary journal. This review consisted of the single word "Bosh!" Thomas Hardy had a happier experience, for a copy of one of his earliest books, "Under the Greenwood Tree," happened to be picked up by Mr. Frederick Greenwood, the editor of the *Cornhill*, in a second-hand bookshop. The accident of seeing his own name in the title led him to buy the book, and his reading it led him to order "Far from the Madding Crowd" for the *Cornhill*.



THE NATIONAL LIBERAL CLUB'S PORTRAIT OF THE PRIME MINISTER: THE RIGHT HON. SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, BY J. COLIN FORBES, R.C.A.

Copyright by W. Doig and Co.





# THE CLUBMAN

A CLOUD ON THE HORIZON—THE FUTURE OF CLUBS—AMERICAN LAWS—"LIBERTY."



IN the big clubs of Pall Mall and St. James's Street there is much smiling at the provisions in the new Licensing Bill for the inspection of clubs. The apologetic inspector in plain clothes, who will be taken round by the club steward, who will make a complimentary remark as to the painted ceiling or the marble busts of statesmen or generals in the hall, will go on his way cheered by a glass of the club's best draught port, having looked in as a pure matter of form. But if the crop of mushroom clubs which may grow up with the gradual extinction of the public-house licenses requires special legislation, as is far from unlikely, it is difficult to see how the clubs of the rich men are to escape the laws made for the clubs of the very poor men. When I have been to the Opera or to any theatre at which the performance is not over until nearly midnight, I smile when I see the frenzied haste of the people who are going to sup at the restaurants. I have only to stroll down to one of my clubs—none of which closes before 2 a.m.—and eat my supper and drink a night-cap at leisure. But if every village has its political clubs—for the drinking clubs generally masquerade as patriotic institutions—and if the scandal forces some future Government to extend to clubs the stringent closing regulations which are to be applied to public-houses, I do not see how the clubs of the rich men can possibly escape these regulations. If the rules of the public-house were rigidly enforced in clubs, half the pleasure and ease of club life would disappear; men would think twice before they paid a forty-pound entrance-fee, and many of the social clubs would cease to exist.

Whilst I am all in favour of moderation, both in eating and drinking, I hope that the teetotal enthusiasts will not bring about the state of things which obtains in America. America is by legislation the most sober of all Christian countries, but, sad to state, it consumes more spirits per head than any of the nations which do not try to make men teetotalers by law. I used to know at one time many of the officers on the ships of the American Navy. Neither wine nor

spirits were allowed to be placed on the ward-room table, though I fancy that some exception was made when guests dined on board. One was generally asked by one's host if one liked "medical comforts," and in one of the officers' private cabins bottles were produced and cocktails mixed. There might be only water on the dining-table, but many of the men who sat down to dinner had just drunk a couple of cocktails on empty stomachs. The average, at that time, of court-martials on American officers for drunkenness on duty was higher than in the British Navy.

Going across America in one of the express trains, I was asked early in the morning by the man in charge of the dining-car whether I intended to drink wine or whisky with my dinner. I had not given the matter a thought, and told him so. "I guess you'd better hurry up then and think, or you'll drink water,"

was his comment. We were approaching a prohibition State, and should be running through it at the hour of midday dinner. If I bought and paid for my wine in a non-prohibition State I could drink it in the "dry" State, but directly the border was passed no wine or spirits could be sold on the train.

Being in Edinburgh this week to see a new big yacht launched, I was given the opportunity of going over *Liberty*, the yacht of Mr. Pulitzer, the blind American millionaire, proprietor of the *New York World*. In many ways the boat differs from every other yacht. She has most luxurious cabins for the twelve guests for whom accommodation is provided; but it is in the owner's cabins that she presents unique features. The suite of rooms which Mr. Pulitzer is to occupy on deck is insulated in every way that ingenuity can suggest to keep any sound from coming to the owner's ears, for the absence of sight has made his sense of

hearing almost painfully acute. Should any unavoidable sounds reach these deck cabins, a second suite has been built below the water-line, and these additional cabins are so constructed that no sound can possibly reach them. Attached to this suite is a big gymnasium.



THE MOCK FUNERAL AT OXFORD THAT WAS HELD UP BY THE PROCTOR: THE HEARSE CONTAINING THE "CORPSE," AND THE HANSOMS WITH THE MOURNERS.

A mock funeral, accorded to an undergraduate who had been "sent down," was held in Oxford last week, and was broken up when it was in "the High" by the Proctor. At the head of the procession rode an undergraduate, wearing a dressing-gown and a turban made of a towel. A wagonette formed the hearse, and in this were seated the "corpse," several men in clown's clothes, who played a big drum and trumpets, and an executioner with an axe. Following this came some twenty cabs, each of which held three undergraduates in costumes of all sorts. The whips of the drivers were decorated with bows of crape.—[Photograph by Cole.]

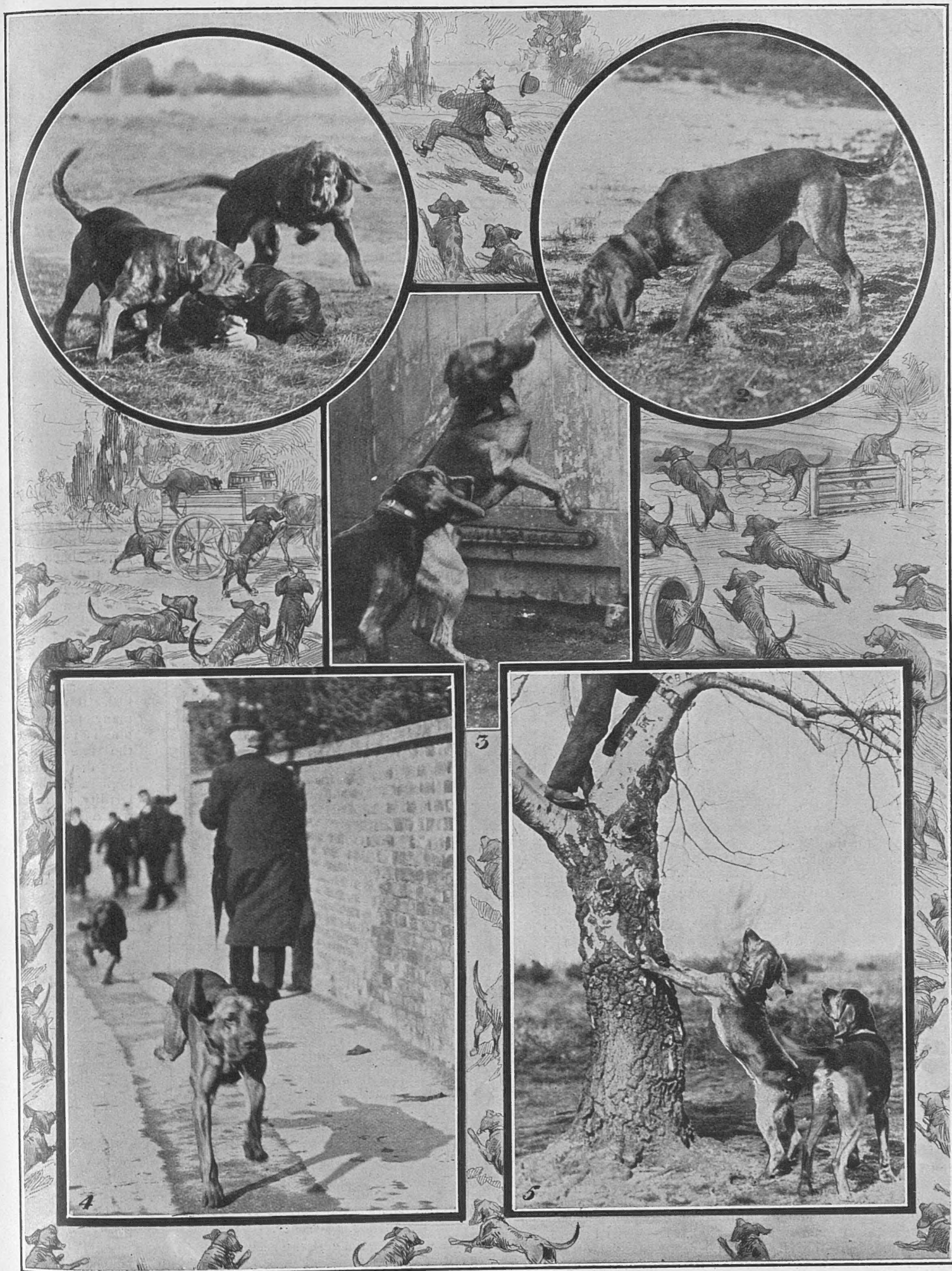


IN WAX INSTEAD OF IN A WAX: MISS CHRISTABEL PANKHURST SITTING TO MR. JOHN T. TUSSAUD, WHO IS MAKING A GROUP OF SUFFRAGETTES FOR MME. TUSSAUD'S.

Photograph by Halfstones.



# DOG DETECTIVES: TRAINING BLOODHOUNDS TO TRACK CRIMINALS.



1. THE QUARRY RUN TO EARTH.

3. THE QUARRY TRACKED TO A STABLE, AT THE DOOR OF WHICH THE DOGS HAVE COME TO A HALT.

4. FOLLOWING THE ONE MAN ONLY: DOGS ON THE SCENT IN A TOWN AND IGNORING THE ORDINARY PASSERS-BY.

2. THE TRAIL BROKEN BY WATER.

5. THE QUARRY TAKES REFUGE UP A TREE, AT THE FOOT OF WHICH THE DOGS KEEP GUARD.

Major Richardson, who is well known as a trainer of dogs for military purposes, is seeking to persuade the British police to enrol dogs in their service. Our illustrations show some of Major Richardson's dogs at work.

*Photographs by the Illustrations Bureau.*





## THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")



"PRIDE OF REGIMENT"—"THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE"—"THE GATES OF THE MORNING"—  
"THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON."

THE audience at the Haymarket Theatre were delighted by "Pride of Regiment," a little military play, which now precedes "Her Father." The author, Mr. F. Bone, is said to have a personal knowledge of his subject, and he handles it with sympathy and a certain amount of effectiveness, though his treatment is a little too theatrical; so some of us were hardly able to share the enthusiasm of the rest of the house. His hero is an old veteran, whose son, forced into the military life against his will, has been dismissed his regiment, and has brought disgrace upon the family name. The old man cannot forgive, whereupon his wife breaks out into a violent tirade against the military despotism which has been the curse of the household during the whole of their married life; and, faced by her threat to leave him, he gives way, and admits the penitent sinner to his home. The three parts were quite excellently played by Mr. Charles Rock, Miss Cicely Richards, and Mr. Ashton Pearce.



The Play Actors, one of the societies lately created for the encouragement of unacted dramatists, have found in "The Philosopher's Stone," by Isaac York, a play with points of merit that perhaps deserve encouragement, but, unfortunately, other points which would make either an artistic or a popular success impossible. Mr. York has tried to write that most difficult of things, a poetic fantasy. His heroine is a simple child, washed up by the sea on the Breton coast, who is taken in hand by a group of art students, and, having learned the cruelty of love, returns to the sea to die. Parts of the play are nicely written, and there are pretty fancies here and there, but on the whole, Mr. York has attempted a task rather beyond his powers. Miss Inez Bensusan played the heroine with tenderness and feeling, and Miss Dorothy Green was pleasant and natural as an English girl who did her best for the innocent child, yet unwillingly was her successful rival.

Margaret M. Mack—I wonder whether Mrs. or Miss?—in "The Gates of the Morning," presented by the Stage Society, has given one of the most vivid pictures of over-righteousness that I can remember. We have had many unpleasing Nonconformist ministers on the stage, but none so painful as Samuel, and none that I can remember so ably drawn. Of course, I do not suggest—nor, I believe, does the dramatist—that he is at all representative of the body. The skill in the character-drawing of the vain-glorious, Bible-spouting converter of souls, beneath whose vast vanity and narrow mind lies a real man, capable of generous impulse and even humility, a creature who at the worst is intensely sincere, is great enough to show that Miss (or Mrs.) Mack is a born dramatist, though the construction of the play is clumsy, and some of its most important scenes are obscure—so obscure that one has a "problem play," and some doubts as to what is the problem. Other characters were cleverly handled, and

the dialogue caused laughter—quite reluctant laughter—during most of the evening. The audience, which had laughed and been really entertained by what shocked it, showed its morality by giving a chilling reception. The dramatist, it should be mentioned, had caused her people to utter many speeches which to the orthodox seemed almost or quite blasphemous, and certainly her taste or tact failed her occasionally.

The acting was almost up to Stage Society standard. Mr. Norman Page was brilliant in his restrained but strong picture of Samuel Wilson, and exhibited ability exceeding even what one expected from his former clever work. Miss Sydney Fairbrother acted very cleverly as a repentant outcast, through whose newly born righteousness quaint little touches of worldliness appeared. What one must call the heroine's part, that of Mrs. Wilson, whose strife with her husband concerning her illegitimate child is the basis of the play, was acted ably and sincerely by Miss Amy Lamborn. Miss Alice Mansfield was ingeniously amusing as a very selfish old lady. Miss Vera Coburn's performance of a rather puzzling part was meritorious, but she was not quite suitably cast.

Another run seems promised for "The Admirable Crichton," perhaps the cleverest of the Barrie plays, even if not the most delightful. It was surprisingly fresh, though five years is long life on the stage—indeed, neither its many good nor its few bad points have been affected

by time. One still feels that the first and last acts are too farcical, that there is a want of tact in some of the remarks about servants, and that the colour is laid on a little too thickly in many places. Also one is impressed by the fine quality of the dry, humorous logic and the great fertility of invention which enables the author to carry his daring fable triumphantly through four acts, and even delight our audiences by a play with a very unsentimental ending, which interrupts what seemed like a pretty love-story. A comparison of the new Crichton with the old is inevitable, and, to the credit of Mr. Lyn Harding, it may be said that many liked him as much as they did Mr. H. B. Irving. I am not of the many, for his able performance lacked the lightness of handling that distinguished his predecessor's, and also the almost poetical note that he showed in the fourth act. Mr. Eric Lewis's Earl of Loam is as



THE VILLAIN OF THE SICILIAN PLAYERS' PRODUCTIONS.  
SIGNOR S. LO TURCO.

Signor Lo Turco, here shown in "Cavalleria Rusticana," plays the villain in many of the pieces of the Sicilian Company's repertoire, and has met with much success.

Photographs by Bassano. (See the "Green-Room" page.)

good as one could desire. Miss Miriam Clements is quite a charming Lady Mary. There is a little tendency to exaggeration in Mr. Du Maurier's clever performance of his original part of Ernest. Miss Hilda Trevelyan is altogether delightful as the Tweeny, giving a kind of humble charm to the creature which explains the love of the lordly Crichton.



IF LADIES' HATS CONTINUE TO INCREASE IN SIZE ?

(BEING "OUR WONDERFUL WORLD.")



A REMARKABLE "CREATION" SEEN IN "LE BAL DE LA MODISTE."

It will be seen that the author of "Le Bal de la Modiste" is tilting at the large hat; and if his "creation" is never likely to be worn save in his travesty, it may at least be said to eclipse all its competitors.

*Photograph by Rot.*



## FREE FROM THE CENSOR: PLOTS FROM PARIS.

### "LA FEMME NUE,"

By Henry Bataille.

Théâtre de la Renaissance.

Pierre Bernier is a painter with a picture, and he has a model with a past. When the curtain rises on the first act, the picture, which is the nude woman of the programme; the model, who is the nude woman of the picture; Rouchard, who is the past of the said model; Pierre Bernier, and numbers of other people are gathered in the Grand Palais des Beaux Arts. The picture is there too, but the audience doesn't see it. This is regrettable. There is considerable excitement, because the Committee of the Salon are going to award a gold medal, and Bernier thinks that he would like it. He gets it. The crowd embraces him and disperses; Rouchard embraces him, and disperses, too, after a formal little bow; and Pierre and Louise, the model, left alone in the Grand Palais, begin to talk things over.

They discuss such intimate details that I hardly like to repeat them. But we learn that there were days when Bernier had not a shirt to his name, and very little to eat; that Loulou (which is day - of - successful French for Louise) loves Pierre; that Pierre loves her; that now that they are going to be rich (the picture has been sold), they mean to marry, and that all is for the best in the best of all possible worlds. Then the curtain drops.

When it rises again we realise a thing that many of us may have realised before—namely, that a man may live an illegitimate life *à deux* in poverty and be perfectly happy, and that he may have asked the assistance of the legitimising authorities, be rich and miserable. I don't wish to philosophise, because it is a bright March afternoon, which I should be sorry to spoil; but when you come to think of it, much the same thing applies to the Censor. That dear gentleman has put his official seal on so many bad plays, has he not? And so many good ones have done without him, haven't they? If you apply the same saying to marriages and *l'union libre* it works out very much that way. It works out that way with Pierre Bernier, anyhow. When Louise was his mistress she might eat peas with her knife, "or do anything she liked." Now that they are married, whatever she does, "she puts her feet in the dish," which is studio French for committing a social solecism. Bernier notices these little things the more that he is flattered by the notice taken of him by a wealthy and beautiful Princess—a great lady in the world's eyes, and no lady in mine. The Princesse de Chabran has an immense fortune, with which she has bought an effete little old sprig of French nobility, and a love for the fine animal which Bernier personifies. She wants him, and she gets

him. At a party *chez* Bernier, Louise surprises the guilty kiss in which four lips meet, and wants to know what they are going to do about it. She falls into hysterics first, however, and that lets down the curtain on act two.

In the third act Bernier and the Princess explain to the Prince and Louise that they can get along quite well without them, thank you! The Prince has a great name, and knows what it is worth, so the matter with him is quite simple, and is settled in francs and centimes. But Louise has a stormy scene, and uses very pointed and quite justifiable expressions. Then, being a woman, and therefore illogical, after having declared that she will not set Bernier free to marry the Princess, she goes away and tries to shoot herself.

Fate is more logical than Loulou. The shot goes a little wide, and does not altogether kill her. One of her lungs is badly damaged, and in the fourth act Bernier and the Princess spend most of their time calling upon Loulou in the private hospital, where she is getting better, to tell her what brutes they have been and how sorry they are for her.

There is to be no more question of divorce between the Berniers. "That's very nice of you," says Louise, "but I should rather like to know whether the little scene that threw me into hysterics in the second act is to be repeated with variations. I don't want

half a husband, and the poorer half at that," explains poor Loulou. Whereupon Bernier and the Princess look down and do things to the carpet with their patent-leather-covered toes. "H'm!" says Louise, and puts her hand to the place where the bullet hurt her, "h'm!" and the Princess finds that she has another engagement. Then Bernier, in the worst-written and most brutal speech of the play, explains to Loulou that love is quite pitiless, and that the real honest fact of the matter is that he doesn't care for her any more, and that he does care for the Princess. "But I want you to get better," he says, "and I will just run off and get you the photographs of the pretty little place on the Riviera in which I propose to let you do so." "Alone?" asks Loulou. "Why, no! I shall be running up and down from Cannes to Paris and back again," says Bernier airily, and off he goes to get the photographs. This, as you, *chère lectrice*, have guessed already, is the cue for the entrance of Rouchard, Louise's past. He has always loved her, although she treated him rather badly when she left him for Bernier. "What do you say?" he asks her, when she has told him all about it. "I can't give you much more than the rest of my life; but that's yours, little woman. Is it a deal?" And it was.

JOHN N. RAPHAEL.



AUTHOR AND CHIEF ACTRESS OF "LA FEMME NUE," THE SENSATION OF THE PARIS STAGE.

M. HENRY BATAILLE AND MME. BERTHE BODY.

All Paris is talking of M. Henry Bataille's new play, "La Femme Nue," which is being given at the Renaissance. Mme. Berthe Body plays the chief part.—[Photograph by Manuel.]



“ SAY ‘ NINETY - NINE.’ ”



WAITING FOR THE VERDICT: AN ANXIOUS PATIENT.

At the New York "Zoo." every new arrival is medically examined before being placed on exhibition. The physician in the photograph is sounding a chimpanzee to discover whether its lungs are sound. The patient looks sufficiently anxious.

Photograph supplied by H. J. Shepstone.





THE NEW M.P. FOR HASTINGS  
MR. ARTHUR DU CROS, SON OF  
THE FORMER MEMBER.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.

Park, and should the amount required—about one million dollars—be subscribed in time, it is probable that the Prince of Wales will formally declare the park open. The land comprises the battlefield where Montcalm and Wolfe fought out their great struggle.

#### The Dowager Empress of Russia.

During the King's sojourn at Biarritz Queen Alexandra will have the pleasure of entertaining her sister, the Dowager Empress of Russia, in town and at Sandringham. Her Imperial Majesty paid a visit to this country about a year ago, and it was then rumoured that she intended to buy an estate where her son, the Tsar, and his family could take refuge for a while if the revolution in Russia materialised, as we are ever being told it is about to do. The Empress and Queen Alexandra share a delightful villa in their native land, but the autumn is the only time of the year when either of the royal sisters can conveniently spend there a brief holiday.

#### The Victor of Hastings.

The truth of the old Horatian tag (slightly altered), to wit, *Nil desperandum Du Cros duce et auspice Du Cros*, is abundantly vindicated, and Mr. Arthur

Du Cros succeeds his father as M.P. for Hastings by a four-figure majority. More marvellous still, he prophesied that it would be 1017, and it was 1018! The family is Huguenot by origin and Irish by settlement. The new member's father, Mr. Harvey Du Cros, foresaw the great future of the pneumatic tyre, and also that of motor-cars, and as a result he is a very rich man. Mr. Arthur Du Cros was a famous racing cyclist in his younger days, and was one of the first to use the Dunlop tyre. Now he is a director of companies at thirty-seven years old. He married Maude, daughter

of Mr. W. Gooding, of Coventry, and is the proud father of two girls and a boy, who drove about the streets of Hastings in a flower-bedecked motor-car bearing the legend, "Please vote for our Daddy!"

The King must have wished that he had an Edward Medal to award to brave doctors when the case of Dr. John Hall-Edwards was brought to his notice. This martyr to medical science has had to have an arm amputated, owing to the

#### A Martyr to Science.

The King must have wished that he had an Edward Medal to award to brave doctors when the case of Dr. John Hall-Edwards was brought to his notice. This martyr to medical science has had to have an arm amputated, owing to the



A MARTYR TO SCIENCE:  
DR. JOHN HALL-EDWARDS, THE X-RAY  
EXPERT.

Photograph by Russell, Southsea.

terrible effects upon it of the X-rays, of which he had been the principal investigator. Although he obtained his qualifications at Edinburgh, Dr. Hall-Edwards has spent practically all his professional career in Birmingham, where he has held hospital appointments during the last twenty years. In the South African War Dr. Hall-Edwards went to the Front as surgeon to the Imperial Yeomanry, and he practised the X-rays at the hospitals at Deelfontein and Pretoria. These experiences he described in "Bullets and their Billets," "The Roentgen Rays in Military Surgery," and "Experiences in South Africa."

#### "Chairman Churchill."

The great railway companies seem fond of peers as their chairmen, the latest being Lord Churchill, who succeeds

Mr. Alfred Baldwin in the overlordship of the Great Western. He is young for such a post, being only forty-four, but he has the charming manner and innate diplomacy which seem to be the fairy godmother's gifts to those lucky enough to be born and brought up in the atmosphere of Courts. Lord Churchill's human godmother, however, was Queen Victoria, who

was an old friend of his mother, and her late Majesty also stood sponsor to two of his children. King Edward, too, has a high regard for Lord Churchill, who acted as Lord Chamberlain at the Coronation, and is now a Lord in-Waiting. Smart, handsome, and always perfectly dressed, Lord Churchill is universally popular. He hunts, shoots, and drives; is a keen motorist; is married to Lord Lonsdale's fair-haired sister; and is beloved of foreign royalties, from whom he has received various marks of favour in the shape of high decorations.



MAX'S BACK, BY MAX: MR. MAX BEERBOHM CARICATURES HIMSELF.



ROYAL PURCHASES THAT INCLUDE A PHOTOGRAPH OF MISS IRENE VANBRUGH; THE ARTICLES THE QUEEN BOUGHT AT THE WOMEN'S ART EXHIBITION AND SALE AT THE NEW GALLERY.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.



## A DOLL WHICH DEFEATS MASTERS AT CHESS.



## THE AUTOMATIC CONQUEROR OF LIVING OPPONENTS: AJEEB, THE MECHANICAL CHESS-PLAYER.

Ajeeb, the chess-playing automaton, has played many thousands of games at the Eden Musée, New York, during the past twenty years, and has seldom been beaten by its living opponents. The figure was invented by an Englishman, Charles Alfred Hooper. It represents a Moor seated on a cushion, beneath which is an open table; in front is a small cabinet with doors, all of which are open, as are the back and chest of the figure. Any stranger is at liberty to play a game with the automaton; the movements of the figure are free and easy, and it shifts the pieces with as much accuracy as its living opponents, and with much greater success, generally coming off the conqueror. In giving check to the king, the automaton makes a sign by raising its head twice; for checkmate it nods three times.

*Photograph by Byron.*





## AFTER DINNER

By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

### The Fiscal Cat.

The Member of Parliament who has been complaining that the cats keep him awake at night must be covertly seeking to incite Mr. Mr. Chamberlain was begged to tax cats. The suggestion came from so devoted a friend of animals as Mr. F. G. Aflalo, and was backed by other influential persons. Possibly the then Chancellor saw Female Suffrage looming among things likely soon to be achieved, for he quailed, and omitted to tax the ladies' pets. Since then we have had a movement for the exportation of cats to India. Surely the tax taken off outgoing coal might have been put upon outgoing cats. With the money, it would have been an inspired thing to buy up and import all surplus members of that South American cat family which does not caterwaul at night. Meanwhile, the heart of the present writer goes out to the man who complains.

**A Dog of War.** The death of a leader in the Boxer rebellion the other day brought back to mind a little picture of those dark and anxious days, which presented the rebels in an interesting light. While the siege of the Legations was in progress they sent in a dog, to whose neck was attached a note counselling unconditional surrender. Defence, said the letter, was futile; to yield would be the best way out of a bad place. A letter declining, in forcible terms, was written and sent out by the dog. Day after day this animal acted as messenger between besiegers and besieged, surrender being urged with greater insistence each time from the Boxer side, and refused with increasing ardour of language from the other. The Japanese also received a daily ultimatum, but theirs came in the form of letters tied to arrows and shot from Boxer bows.

**A National Asset.** Lord Rosebery has been depicting the Union Jack as a national asset, but in different terms from those employed in Cecil Rhodes's much-criticised speech. Neither he nor Lord Rosebery meant precisely what an American Consul had in mind when his conduct came up for review in the House of Representatives three years ago or thereabouts. This gentleman, according to a member, had pawned the imperishable, all-glorious Stars and Stripes for two shillings, with which to buy whisky. One could hardly expect to get a national flag cheaper. Apparently, however, another Consul had done no better, for he had had to flee from his post to avoid

arrest for debt. The gentleman to do the best trade with the American flag was he who profited so well that he was able to drink himself into delirium tremens. But that killed him.

### Boy Jones of Europe.

There is no law in the world to make a sane man believe the report that the French Ambassador retires from Constantinople because he is frightened by a ghost by which his Palace is said to be haunted. If every bit of mystery at a foreign Embassy caused an Ambassador

to leave we should never have done appointing new Ministers. Our Embassy at Vienna was nightly the scene of weird visitations, but the late Sir Francis Plunkett did not resign. He had his private effects burgled and sometimes his official archives mishandled. But he did not cry "ghosts" or "wolf." He set a smart detective to work, with the result that one of the strangest creatures in Europe was bagged. This was a man named Nemeth, a mad Hungarian. He believed that the British Government existed only to destroy him. Therefore he hoped, by burgling the Embassy, to collect material valuable enough to enable him to treat with us for his life. Nobody knew how he got in. After he had served one term, he did the Grand Tour, then returned and recommenced burgling. When last heard of, he was still in an asylum for dangerous lunatics.

### A Fiddling Deal.

The violin which was declared to be M. Ysaye's lost Strad proves to be only a clever forgery. There is a paying trade in faked violins, and the way in which they are

worked off on their victims is at times masterly. Some little while ago a young artist called on a Paris curio-dealer, and, saying that he must raise ten francs on one of his two violins, in order that he might redeem his evening dress and appear that night at a concert, obtained the sum demanded. A day or two later a distinguished-looking stranger was buying curios when his sharp eye caught sight of the violin. He asked its history, and was duly informed. "That is a Cremona, and worth money," he said. "Offer the man two hundred francs when he returns. Ten to one, as he is poor, he will accept it." So saying, he handed the dealer fifty francs, which, he said, should be his if he succeeded. He himself would return in a day or two. When the artist called he was offered two hundred francs, and reluctantly accepted. The other man did not reappear, so the dealer took his treasure to an expert, who told him that if well sold its value was three francs.



THE CRABBIEST MONARCH ON EARTH: KING PODOPHTHALMIA I.

The figure, it will be noted, is built up of the shell of a crab, a few feathers and some beads.

Photograph by Hachette and Co.



RING OFF!



AUNTIE (*testing her nephew's knowledge*): Now, dear, what was the date of William the Conqueror's great battle?  
TOMMY (*who has been learning to use the domestic telephone*): One, O, double six, Hastings.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



# HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



**S**IGNOR LO TURCO, whose acting has made so marked an impression during the stay of the Sicilians, was stage-struck as a lad, and when he was fifteen took part in a play which may be said to have sealed his fate. It was intended that he should be an engineer, but his parents, seeing his bent, consented to his abandoning that career, and, after a year's work as an amateur, he succeeded in getting an engagement at one of the lowest dramatic houses in the town in which he lived. His first part was that of a villain, and he put on the airs and manners of a tyrant with such success that he speedily became a most unpopular personage with the audience, which was largely made up of the refuse of the town and members of the Mafia. One of them was so carried away by his feelings that he hurled an offensive epithet at the actor. That started a disturbance in the theatre, which was not lessened when the young actor, forgetting that uncomplimentary remarks from the audience are a tribute to the impersonator of the villain, regarded the insulting remarks as applied to himself personally, and, taking off his shoe, hurled it at the man who had, as he thought, insulted him. His aim was good, and the shoe hit the man on the head. That action intensified the uproar, which grew to such dimensions that it took an hour to restore order, and then the police closed the theatre. For his unceremonious action in resenting what he regarded as an insult Signor Lo Turco was next day ignominiously discharged by the manager. Happily, his ability was not long in getting further recognition, for only a few weeks later another manager engaged him to go into the provinces. This time it was not to play the villain, but the lover.

Mr. F. D. Bone, whose one-act play, "Pride of Regiment," is such a success at the Haymarket, is one of the enthusiasts about the theatre in general, and the theatre for producing plays in one act in particular. He first proposed it in a paper he read at some society, and then went on practically with the scheme with Mr. Teignmouth Shore, for they produced three one-act plays in the Studio Theatre in Victoria Street. Mr. Teignmouth Shore, however, left London, and Mr. Bone went into Fleet Street as a journalist about a year ago. He is now on the staff of the *Daily Express*, and the matter has dropped. Before that he had a military career, for he served for twenty-one years in the Royal Engineers. During four years of that time he was confidential clerk to Lord Roberts, in South Africa and in London, and one year with Mr. Haldane as shorthand writer. For five months he was on the staff of the *Army Journal*, a paper which was never published. It was after he came to London, at the conclusion of the South African War, that Mr. Bone became a playgoer, and was introduced to the world of the theatre through joining the Gallery First Nighters' Club.

Among the curious proposals of marriage actresses receive, few can have been more dramatically sudden than one made some years ago in New Zealand to Miss Genevieve Ward, who has emerged from the state of semi-retirement

in which she has lately been living, in order to play Volumnia with Mr. Benson at the Coronet. She was in the neighbourhood of the famous lakes where hot springs bubble up through the cold water, and was invited to go out and inspect them, so that she might judge of the difference in the temperatures. She accordingly went out in a canoe with her New Zealand friend and a Maori boatman. She was lying back, with both arms extended and both hands in the water, that she might feel when she came to the hot springs. In the bow was the friend, and behind her was the boatman. Suddenly, without any warning, when they were in the middle of the lake, the Maori said to Miss Ward: "You marry me?" Realising that if she angered him he might become disagreeable, and even precipitate an accident, Miss Ward, without appearing surprised or moving her position in any way, answered quite quietly: "Certainly; with pleasure." The man beamed with satisfaction; and Miss Ward's friend, evidently desirous of giving a practical touch to the situation, asked the boatman whether he had any money. "A-ny amount," he replied, emphatically dwelling on the first letter of each word. Affiliated Miss Ward remained until the end of the excursion. Meantime, however, her friend, knowing the Maori character, begged her to be ready to hurry away the moment the little boat touched the land, and so get away without a moment's loss of time to more civilised regions, where, at all events, proposals are not usually made on sight. As soon as they reached the landing-stage Miss Ward escaped to a larger boat, while her fiancé of the moment was kept busily engaged in a discussion about the money he had to be paid.

Among the known actors of the West End, Mr. W. T. Lovell, who is playing at His Majesty's, is probably the greatest traveller, for he has a record of over a hundred thousand miles at sea to his credit. He has been twice to Australia, once to New Zealand, twice to India, twice to China, and four times to America, and has acted in over a hundred and fifty plays. On one occasion, during a fortnight at Kalgoorlie, in the Western Australian gold-fields, he played in a different piece every night, including Sunday, the theatre being a large tent with a fit-up stage, and the prices ranging from two shillings to seven-and-sixpence. One evening, during a performance, he had an experience of one of the red dust-storms for which Kalgoorlie is famous. It looked as though the tent were going to be carried away, and the place was full of dust, the dressing-rooms becoming in such a frightful state that the actors could scarcely change their clothes, and washing was a difficulty. Bad as this was, however, it was peaceful compared with another experience. While the company was preparing for the play, a plague of flying ants made its appearance. When

they alighted on the actor's faces they stuck to the grease-paint and shed their wings; then they began biting, and their bite is exceedingly painful.



MISS MAUDE MILLETT'S SISTER, MISS EVELYN MARSHALL WEST, A RECRUIT TO THE STAGE.

Miss Marshall West made her debut recently at a benefit matinée at the St. James's, playing in Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy's "The Highwayman." She is the sister of Miss Maude Millett, who made so charming a reappearance on the stage in "The Education of Elizabeth."

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.



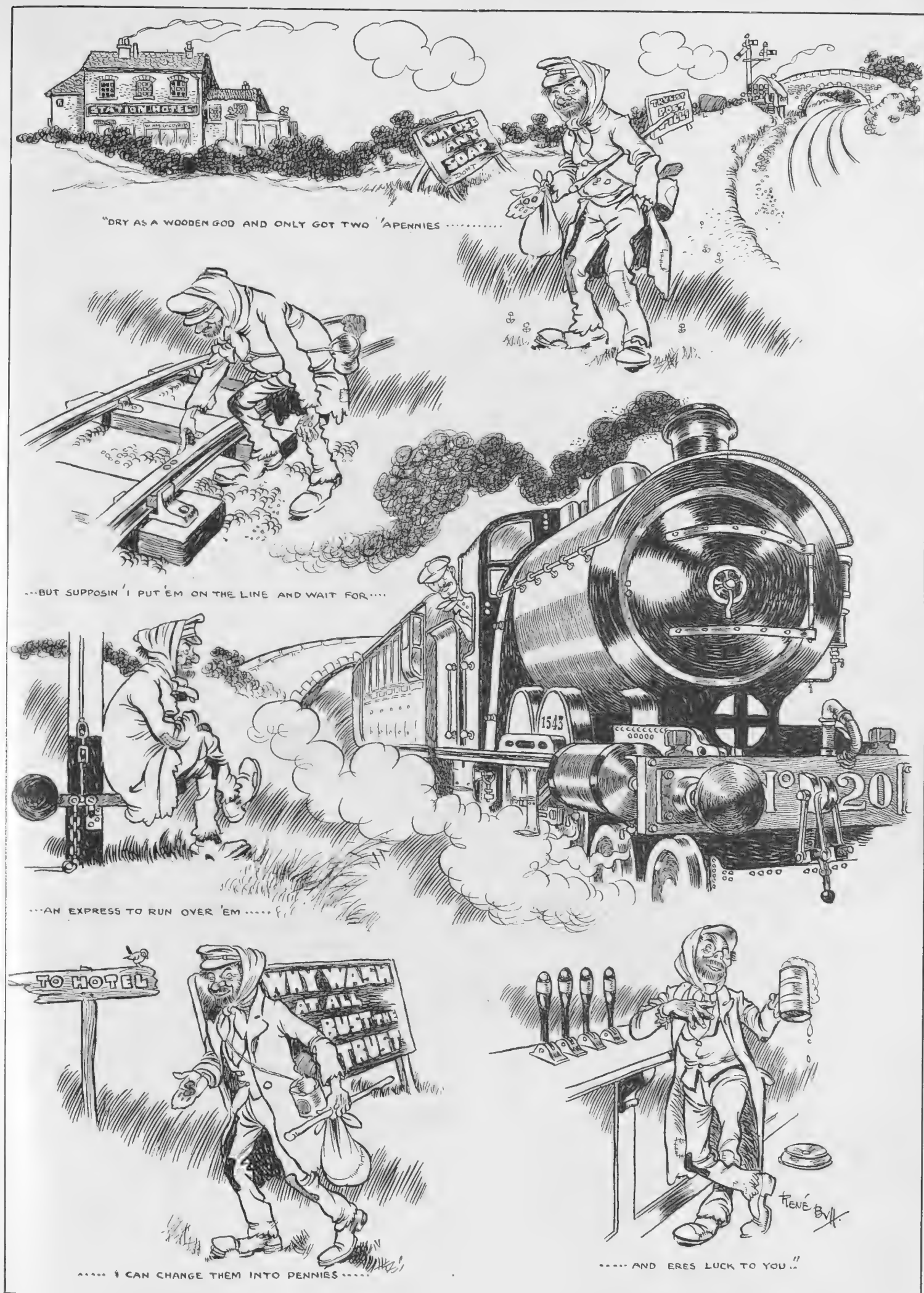
G. P.'S FAMILY: MRS. G. P. HUNTLEY AND HER SON.

Mrs. Huntley is known to playgoers as Miss Eva Kelly, and in "Miss Hook of Holland" she plays Gretchen. Mr. Huntley, by the way, has been ordered a rest, and Mr. Hook is being acted for the time being by Mr. George Giddens.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.



MONEY BY EXPRESS.



DOUBLING HIS CAPITAL: THE HA'PENCE THAT BECAME PENCE—AND BEER.

DRAWN BY RENÉ BULL.

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

"I WILL live here for ever," said Shelley, looking up at the gaudy wall-paper of vine-trellises and grapes which adorned his lodging in Poland Street. He liked the wall-paper, he liked the name of the street. That was enough; they must be his for ever. The small virtues of the lodging are a type of the restricted attractions of the women to whom he brought the same proposition of eternity. There is no need to search about for the reason of his attachments. His Harriets, his Miss Grove, his Miss Hitchener are, like the wall-paper, to be found in many habitations, remarkable only in that Shelley singled them out for his unbounded protestations, his unfailing infidelity.

In the perusal of the Shelley Letters to Miss Hitchener, now introduced to the general public for the first time by Mr. Bertram Dobell, it matters very little to the reader what manner of woman was the poet's "dearest friend." He would as readily have signed himself "yours eternally," "imperishably," or whatever the word happens to be, to the school-mistress in the next village as to the dark young woman of twenty-nine (Shelley was nineteen at the time of the correspondence) who taught his uncle's daughter at Hurstpierpoint, in Sussex. He must perforce have made his protestations—whatever the wall-paper, whoever the woman: it chanced that "the lucky woman," as Mr. Dobell calls her, was Miss Hitchener. There was no escape. Shelley's protestations of eternal friendship were supported, at his persuasion, by Harriet's invitation; and, having resigned her position as schoolmistress, Miss Hitchener went to take up her position under the poet's roof as "the sister of his soul." And in five months she was dismissed, with the title of "brown demon" for her character.

"Nothing would be transgressed," he had said, "by your even living with us. Could you not pay me a visit? My dear friend Hogg, that noble being, is with me, and will be always; but my wife will abstract from our intercourse the shadow of impropriety." Can such blind satisfaction in the disposition of private circumstances be found in any but in one whose whole life was a protest against other men's ordering of events? Within a month Hogg had attempted his betrayal; within twelve, his correspondent was a "brown demon"; within three years he had deserted his wife and child and was travelling with Mary Godwin in Switzerland, and within five Harriet had drowned herself in the Serpentine.

There are, of course, many phrases as well as many phases of contradiction in these letters. On page 51 we read that "that mistaken man," his father had refused his demands for money: "I have written frequently to this thoughtless man, and am now determined to visit him, in order to try the force of truth"—the

truth of his claims upon him as his son. A sentence later, and we find this strong expression of his own disregard of such ties: "Relationship is considered by me as bearing that relation to reason which a band of straw does to fire. I love *you* more than any relation." But the book is not all bathos; and Mr. Dobell's Preface is quite admirable.

In 1833 the greatest of American writers, Emerson, made his first visit to Europe, and in Florence had a fine talk with Walter Savage Landor. The man who said in the epitaph he prepared for himself, "I strove with none, for none was worth my strife," was in fact, as we all know, a wonderful fighter; but as it takes two to make an argument, and as Emerson listened rather than talked while Landor made a number of remarks that startled his hearer,

the interview went off very harmoniously indeed. But when Emerson came to the recording of it in his diary he naturally had his own say. Landor, he says, and he seems to raise an eyebrow in saying it, "designated Washington, Phocion, and Timoleon as three of the greatest of men; and did not even omit to remark the same termination in their names!" There was something trifling to Emerson's mind in the noting of that coincidence; although he might very well have had a personal prejudice in its favour, being himself also at the end of all an "on."

Did Landor, onewonders, note that coincidence as he spoke to the brilliant young American who had still so much of his name to make that the termination of it

may have gone quite unregarded? But the coincidence does not stop with Emerson. Among poets, for instance, we light upon a similarity of termination, and that termination an "on," which would have delighted Landor, even if it had bored the American. For the day of Tennyson was beginning, and no Lytton in his poem "The New Timon," could prevent that dawn. Stevenson was to be heard at his song before Tennyson was silent. Then there was James Thomson, of the "City of Dreadful Night," and a greater inhabitant of that same city, Francis Thompson. Austin Dobson, Lionel Johnson, William Watson, John Davidson, James Wilson, Gilbert Chesterton, and A. C. Benson maintained the tradition. Among women poets, Mrs. Meynell first published as Alice Thompson; Mrs. Shorter as Dora Sigerson; while two others of the divinely singing sisterhood married into their birthright and became Mrs. Hinkson and Mrs. Marriott Watson. Mr. Theodore Watts chose another method of bringing himself into line—he frankly took the name of Dunton. Of course Mr. Swinburne comes to mind as a great exception, and yet hardly. For is he not affectionately known to a large group merely as Algernon? And then, of course, there is that great poet of the anthologies—Anon.

M. E.

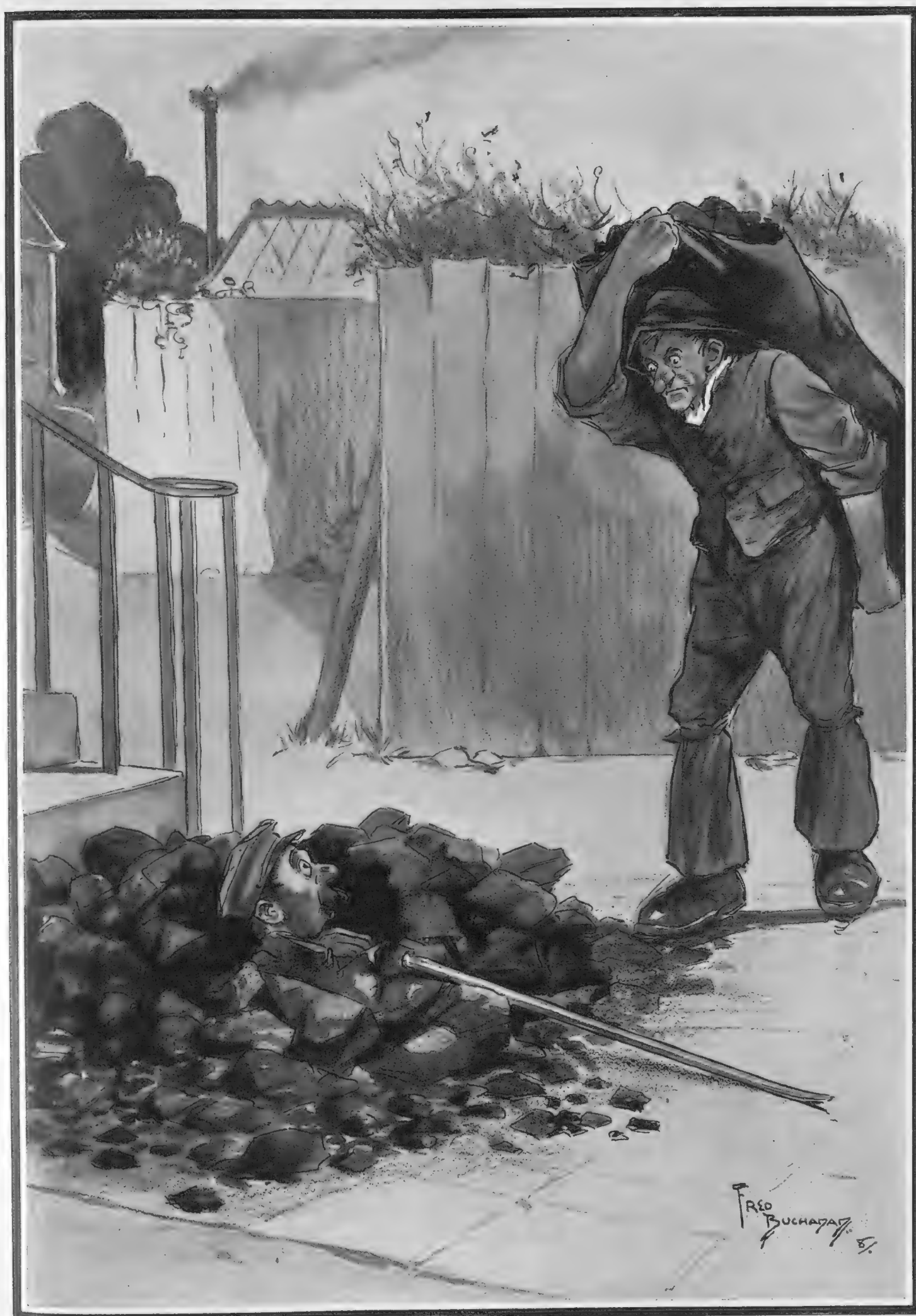


EXTRAORDINARY EFFECT OF THE COLD WEATHER ON A TELEGRAPH BOY.

DRAWN BY ALFRED LEETE.

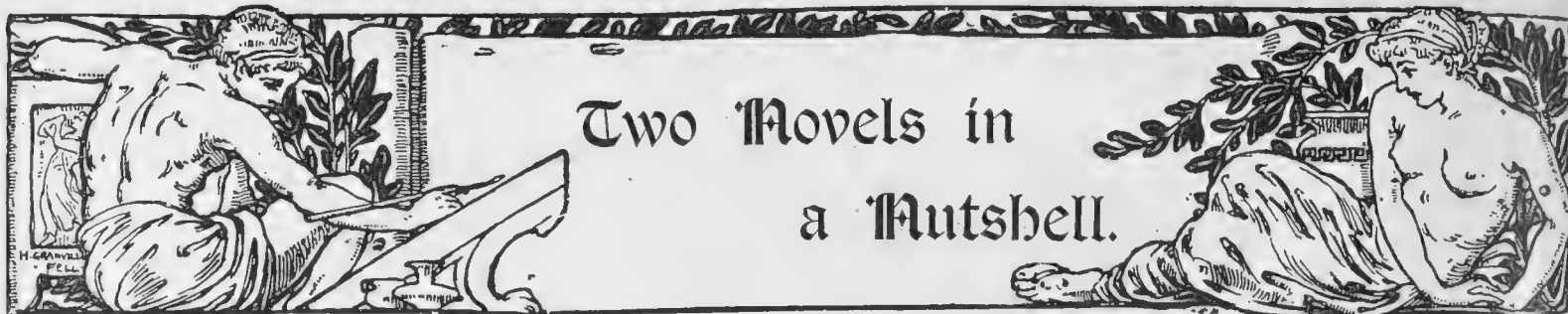


A DISASTER JUST AVERTED.



THE VOICE FROM THE GRATING: Now, then, Joe, steady on with it! That last sack nearly buried the beer-barrel.

DRAWN BY FRED BUCHANAN.



## Two Novels in a Nutshell.

### AN INTERLUDE.

BY R. RAMSAY.

Love for an hour or a day, Sir,  
Will do for a girl of Japan.

ELIZABETH had been humming the half-bitter little song that never would suit her voice. (Only a gay thing like Kitty Marshall could imitate the flippant way that was the right way to sing it.) Breaking across its refrain she heard a sudden clatter of horse's hoofs. The sun was sinking behind the old grey house, and the trees darkening the long avenue were already dim. Who was riding up there so late—and so fast?

She listened a minute, while the pages fluttered down from the piano, and the song died on her lips. A slight colour tinted her pale, handsome face as she walked to the window, and leaning her arms on the sill, looked down, smiling.

"Bobby!" she called.

He tried to smile, riding past in a desperate hurry; but she saw the fury in his face. In another minute he had burst into the room as if shot from a catapult—his way. There was no ringing of bells with Bobby. He and Miss Lancaster had known each other all their lives, and he came to her as he would to an elder sister in all his straits and rages.

"What is the matter?" she asked, holding out her hands to be shaken. "Another quarrel?"

He rushed at her and squeezed them tightly.

"It's all over!" he cried. "At last!"

"Tell me about it," she said compassionately, but hardly startled. It was not the first time Elizabeth had had to patch up a quarrel between Bobby and the girl on whom he had fixed his fancy. After half-an-hour's comforting he would ride back to make it up. . . . At least, that was what had always happened until to-night. . . .

"She's such a baby," he cried, plunging into the heart of things. "I can't make her understand—I can't make her see—No, Elizabeth, it's no good saying it's half my fault—"

"All your fault, Bobby," she interrupted mildly.

"That's your kind-heartedness; but if you saw her—if you only heard her—! It's enough to drive a fellow mad. So I said I wouldn't stand it. And so she said, as we couldn't agree, hadn't we better part—and—and—" He was beginning to stammer.

"My poor boy," said Elizabeth, "she did not mean it."

"Well, I told her it was the only wise thing she had said since we had been engaged. And then she laughed. And I said, 'What are you laughing at?' And she said, 'At you.'"

He broke off, almost choking with anger, and there was a solemn pause. A hush had fallen over all the garden, and the last bird was singing painfully in the trees. Elizabeth smiled half sadly, half tenderly; there was nothing in all the world as motherly as her face.

"Don't, Bobby, don't," she said, laying her hand on his. He started.

"Don't what?" he asked hoarsely. He had been staring at the floor, but now he lifted his eyes to hers, hot, excited, and very young. (He was three years older than she, but perhaps she had learned harder things—and he would be a boy to the very end, as she knew.) "Do you think I mind? It was an awful mistake, and I'm a confoundedly lucky fellow to have got out of it in time. Because—"

He caught her hands again impulsively, and gazed right into her eyes.

"Because I've found out that I was a fool. Elizabeth—you're the dearest soul in all the world—and you can't be angry. You've forgiven me so much; all my life you've had to scold me and forgive me things. You'll forgive me that? I know it's confounded cheek, but I will say it— It was just a ridiculous fancy I had for Kitty. I know now it was you I loved all the time."

Elizabeth grew suddenly white as death. The quaint, old-maidenly, motherly air forsook her, and left her undefended.

"I'm sure of it," he went on eagerly. "But just because it's been always so I didn't understand. That was why I couldn't agree with her. There was something wanting, something wrong—always—always! And I was a blind ass and did not guess!"

"Don't be so rash," she said, with a little sad smile of warning; but, alas! it was hard to be prudent while her heart beat so fast. His voice, unsteady, pleading, took on a quick ring of triumph.

"Why, Elizabeth—you—you—it's in your eyes!"

He flung his arms round her passionately, and she felt the clasp tighten until his heart beat wildly against her cheek. Her eyes were shut under strange, hot kisses, and for a little while she was dumb.

"Bobby, are you mad?" she murmured at last breathlessly, lying upon his breast.

"Mad?" he cried, "I was mad, my darling. When I think how dear and kind you've always been, comforting, helping me all my life—my dearest, my guardian angel—I can't imagine how I could ever dream—oh, you don't know what a heavenly rest it is to find out that I'm in love with you!"

"My boy—my boy!" she said, wistfully looking up in his face. Her eyes were dim with tears and fear and wonder. . . . And then a reckless spirit came over her. To-morrow—what did to-morrow matter? She would have this one evening to lend its happiness to her life. God had given her this, and she would be rash and live it. . . .

It was Bobby who spoke first. The infinite happiness in her face stirred him with reproach in the midst of his own turbulent feelings. His arms tightened round her with almost an aching clasp, and he was nearly sobbing with excitement.

"I'll go to your father at once," he said, stammering. "Elizabeth, do you hear? I'm going to—to—to tell him. I want all the world to know that I'm yours, and you are mine. . . . I want them all to see—"

Elizabeth lifted her head suddenly from his shoulder. That eager speech awakened her from her reckless heaven. With her eyes on his, wistful and dark and tender, she had to bring her knowledge of him—ah, and her love of him—to fight for him against her heart. She knew him so well, her playmate.

"I'm going," he said. "Wait for me, Elizabeth. I'll come back to you. Is he in the gun-room?" And he was turning as she laid her hand on his arm. She had thought.

If he spoke to-night it would mean that it would all be real. It would mean that the morning would find her engaged to him, and that honour would keep him fast in a hollow loyalty to the wild idea that he—otherwise—might forget. Night would bring counsel, perhaps repentance; there should at least be no fatal thing for him to face bitterly with the sunrise. . . .

"No," she said. "Don't go to-night. Perhaps—to-morrow."

"Why?" he asked impatiently; and she tried to smile bravely up at his eager face. He believed that he loved her then. . . . Ah, yes, he believed it. Dared she not—?

"I want to keep it to myself to-night," she said. "Ah, my dearest, you don't know—you can't guess what it means to me. Have patience, and let me have it to dream to-night with all but myself shut out."

He laughed, unwillingly giving in to her whim; and she pushed back the hair from his hot forehead. He was hardly able to undertake a solemn palaver with Mr. Lancaster (who was a J.P., and gruff) in the present whirl of his brain.

"Well, I'll ride over to-morrow morning—with the early bird," he said gaily. "Elizabeth, will you be awake? I'll be up with the lark to come and claim you."

They looked into each other's eyes—he with gallant laughter, and she all wistful.

"Good-bye," she said.

"Good-night, you mean. It's never to be good-bye."

"Kiss me then, Bobby, and say good-night."

She went with him to the door, and watched him ride away under the darkened trees. Her eyes were dazed with happiness, but the wild flush was already dying in her cheek . . . fading into its haughty pallor. . . .

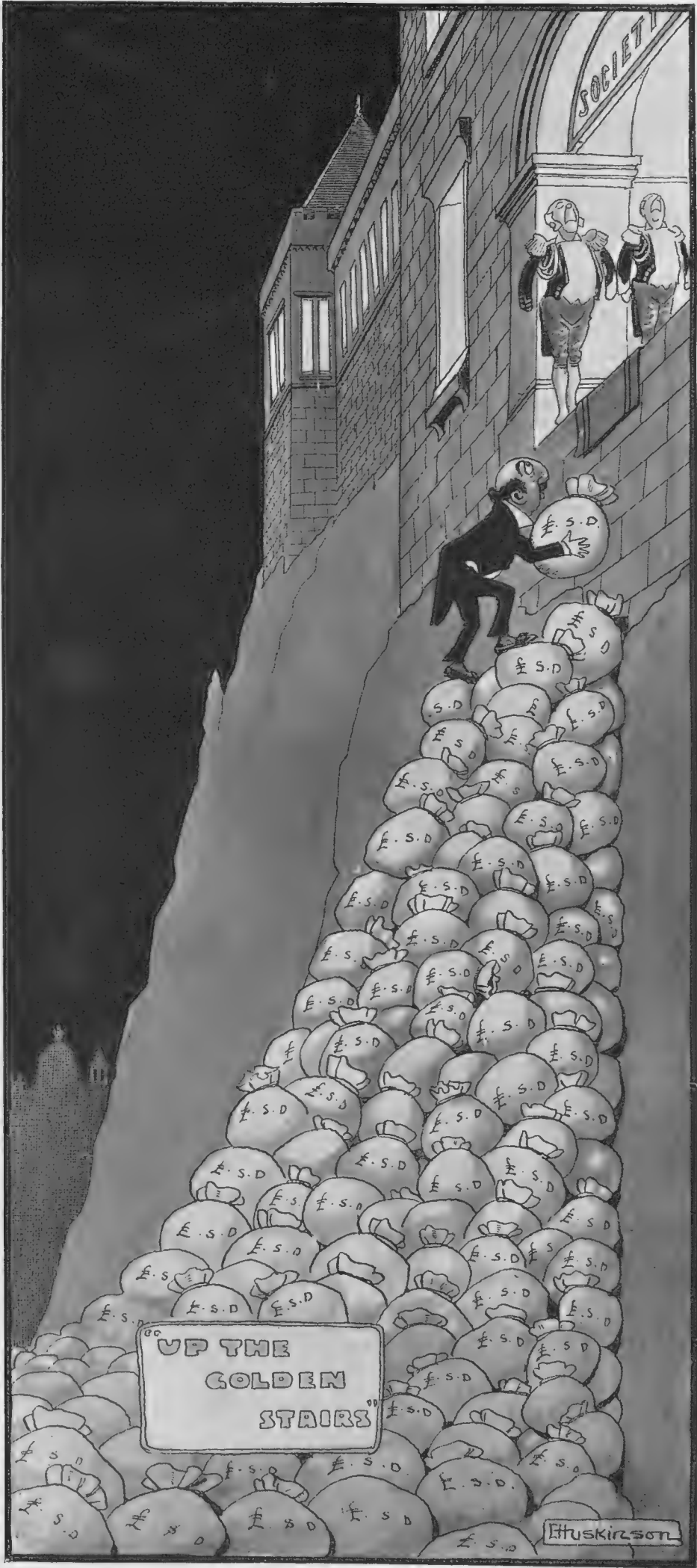
On the stair she met her mother, and paused to let her pass. Mrs. Lancaster looked at her curiously.

"Has anybody—Elizabeth, *who* has been here?"

[Continued overleaf.]



SOCIETY TITTLE-TATTLE.



THE MODERN JACOB'S LADDER.

DRAWN BY E. HUSKINSON.

Elizabeth saw the sharp glance at her transfigured face.

"Only Bobby."

And then she reached her own room and fell on her knees, hardly praying—what dared she ask?—her heart filled with the rash happiness that had come to her. It was all hers for one night at least, and she would go to sleep with his kiss burning on her cheek.

Bobby did not come in the morning.

The day after, there came a letter, impulsive, boyish, and—like him.

DEAR, DEAR ELIZABETH—You were right—you are always right! I find it was all my fault, and my poor little girl was not to blame. I can't think how I could have been such a brute. But she has forgiven me, though I don't deserve it—and it's to be in September, because when we're married we can't possibly quarrel like that, you know. And so it will be safer. And she says, will you be a bridesmaid? I was quite off my head last night. How you must have laughed at me! But I'll never forget your kindness, my guardian angel. She says the bridesmaids are to be dressed in pink—

"His guardian angel!" said Elizabeth, with a bitter smile. "I wonder he does not ask me to be his sister!"

Alas, and again alas!



## THE WAY OF THE TRANSGRESSOR.

BY J. SACKVILLE MARTIN.



IT was a bitterly cold morning—one of those mornings when the frost searches a man's bones, and the thick white fog shuts him into a circle with about three yards' circumference; a morning for blue fingers and sharply puffed breaths that gather like wreaths of smoke beneath the red tip of the nose. Mr. Tom Hamble walked in the fog with a pleasurable consciousness of his fur coat and the glow that comes of sharp exercise. It tingled in his fingers and imparted to him a general sense of cheerful satisfaction with things as they were.

He turned up a side street of an unfrequented neighbourhood and almost cannoned against a man who seemed to rise out of the fog as though he had been born from it. The man was mean and undersized, wretchedly clad in tattered garments, and shivering with cold. A dirty woollen scarf twisted about his neck did not sufficiently conceal the absence of a shirt. His lips were blue and his teeth chattered in his head as he spoke.

"Beg pard'n, guv'nor," he said, "I s'pose you couldn't 'elp a poor chap as is out of work?"

Mr. Hamble had views on the matter of indiscriminate charity, and besides, his fur coat was heavy, and it seemed a long way to his trouser-pocket.

"I can't," he said sharply; "if you are out of work, that's no reason that you should beg in the streets. There are the proper authorities. Why don't you apply to them?"

"I suppose you mean the workhouse?" said the man.

"I do, most certainly. It's there to look after folks like you. Why don't you go there?"

"I ain't never been there yet," the man mumbled.

"Well, it's time you did, by the look of you. And I should not lose a moment. Anyway, I can't help you."

The man looked at him a moment, blinked rapidly, and then, as though suddenly making up his mind, drew his hands from his ragged coat-pockets.

"Guv'nor," he announced, "I'm going to assault you."

Mr. Hamble stared at him a moment, and then, conscious of his fifteen stone and his reputation as a University boxer, threw back his head and burst into laughter.

"I should certainly advise you not to," he remarked, not even troubling to remove his hands from his coat-pockets.

"I'm going to assault you," repeated the man obstinately. "Then you can 'ave me taken up and put in quod."

"Very pretty," said Mr. Hamble, with another laugh. "You're a bit of an original, I see. But what if I should take a fancy to take the law into my own hands? What if I don't have you put in quod, but just give you a jolly good hiding, eh? What then?"

"You wouldn't, guv'nor," said the man pleadingly. "I don't say as you couldn't; but you might get your face marked, and you wouldn't like that—not a gentleman like you. You'd 'ave me put in quod—like a gentleman."

"One moment before you begin," said Mr. Hamble, intensely amused. "I should like to understand your point of view. You seem to have an objection to the workhouse, but not to 'quod,' as you so elegantly put it. Now, I suppose you think that 'quod' (pronouncing the word with a delicate distaste) "is a more honourable place of retirement than the workhouse?"

"No, I don't," said the man.

"Then why prefer it?"

"Better grub," was the laconic answer.

"Ah, I see," said Mr. Hamble, laughing. "It resolves itself into a question of cuisine. Really, it is worth my while to have met you. But I think you mentioned that you have never been in the workhouse. How can you be certain of the point you raise?"

"That was a lie," said the man sullenly.

Mr. Hamble was the possessor of a strong, but at times somewhat eccentric, sense of humour. The meeting with this man appealed to him as something exquisitely funny. He had half a mind to settle the matter by the gift of a shilling, which he would have regarded as payment for the entertainment he had enjoyed;

but some doubt of the man's sincerity cropped up in his mind, and his curiosity was urging him to see how far the fellow would go.

"Then, if I give you my promise not to retaliate," he said, "to have you imprisoned" (he did not feel equal to the use of the slang term again) "you will really assault me?"

"Try me," said the man.

"I will," said Mr. Hamble. "Remember that, if you touch me, it constitutes a technical assault, so you have no need to hit hard. Go ahead. I won't hit you back. Hit me here," he pointed to his chest.

The man hesitated a moment, and then put out his hand cautiously, and pushed at the chest before him.

"That will do very nicely," said Mr. Hamble. "Perhaps it would be better if you kicked me as well. Gently, please; I don't want my shins marked."

The man grinned.

"You're a rum un, guv'nor," he said, "but 'ere goes."

He performed the feat with all imaginable tenderness.

"I have now," said Mr. Hamble whimsically, "been struck without striking back. I have also been kicked. It is a new experience, and I thank you for it. Now come along with me, and we will find a policeman."

The man shambled at his side, and together they searched for the portly shadow of the majesty of the law. They found it eventually, stamping its feet. Mr. Hamble spoke up.

"Constable," he said, "this man has assaulted me. I wish you to take him in charge."

The constable stared suspiciously at the relative size of the desperado and his victim. His tendency to scoff was checked by the sight of the fur coat.

"What have you to say for yourself?" he remarked sternly, addressing the shivering creature.

"It's true," said the man obstinately, "I struck 'im and I kicked 'im. 'E wouldn't give me a copper when I asked for it, so I 'it 'im. Ain't that enough?"

"Quite enough," said the constable. "You come along of me, my lad. The court sits at half-past eleven, Sir," he said, touching his helmet. "I suppose you'll come down and charge him?"

"I'll be there," said Mr. Hamble, turning to go. The man in rags leaned over to him and whispered hoarsely.

"Guv'nor," he said, "you'll pile it on, won't you?"

"I'll do what I can for you," said Mr. Hamble, with a nod. He walked off, highly diverted with his little experience.

In pursuance of his promise to "pile it on," Mr. Hamble gave a somewhat highly coloured version of his morning's adventure to the presiding magistrate. That functionary looked first at the prisoner and then at Mr. Hamble, peering over his spectacles with an air of benevolent surprise.

"Really, Sir," he remarked, "I cannot help thinking that you might have settled this matter without recourse to the law."

"Now that I come to think of it," remarked the amused Mr. Hamble, "I suppose I could."

"The man seems to have been very determined," said the magistrate irresolutely.

"He was," said Mr. Hamble.

"It is a distressing case," said the benevolent dispenser of justice, "but I have no choice if you press it."

Mr. Hamble smiled at his aggressor in the dock.

"I do press it," he said.

"Very well," said the magistrate, with something like a sigh. "Seven days."

Mr. Hamble met his aggressor in the corridor of the court, and in charge of a policeman.

"Guv'nor," he whispered, "I once 'eard a parson say as the way of the transgressor was 'ard. Don't you believe it. I've got a bed and food and a roof to cover me for a week. The way of the transgressor is soft—darned soft. And you can say as I said it."

He nodded amiably as he was led away.

THE END.





## WORLD'S WHISPERS.

SIR HUBERT PARRY, who has, unfortunately, had to resign the professorship of music at Oxford, owing to ill-health, is one of the few musical baronets, and is probably unique among great composers in being also a country squire married to the sister of a "belted Earl" (Pembroke). Parry was at Eton with Lord Rosebery and Mr. Balfour, and he was still a schoolboy when he got his Oxford degree of Mus. Bac. He has the nimblest mind. For instance, wanting to see Grove one day, he rushed into Macmillan's office crying, "Is Mr. Gage disengaged?" A breezy, lovable personality, Sir Hubert is passionately fond of yachting. "I was very nearly drowned," he said once, "when I was twelve; indeed, I have been nearly drowned heaps of times. Once I went round the Isle of Wight in a gale, and nearly drove my skipper out of his wits. 'You ain't been drowned yet,' he observed, 'but you've done your very best!'"

*Sport and Philanthropy.*

The story which is going the rounds of the late Lord Linlithgow's discovery that he was living, when Governor-General of Australia, at the rate of a

thousand pounds a day must appeal to the heart of Lord Kinnaird. For the banker-peer is the successor of the deceased nobleman as Lord High Commissioner of the Church of Scotland. Now for their annual assembly the good men and true of that Church seem to develop a marvellous appetite, and the late Lord Leven, whom Lord Linlithgow succeeded, found that feasting and fun for that august yearly gathering cost him, for the time it lasted, at the rate of £50,000 a year. Lord Kinnaird has wealth, but he will probably feel that it can be better placed than in Church junketings. It would not be a bad

idea for him to entertain his episcopal visitors at his place in Scotland. He has the best of shooting, and could feed his guests on results. Moreover, he can contribute to their æsthetic tastes, too, there, for in days when Napoléon was stripping mansions and palaces of their treasures, the Kinnaird home built up one of the finest collections to be seen in Scotland. His neighbours might feel disposed to contribute to the feast, for his family gave Scotland the steam-plough and one of her most important railway systems.

*England's Loss America's Gain.*

Americans will feel some interest in the election of the Duke of Northumberland to membership of the Athenæum Club as a person "distinguished in science, literature and the arts, or eminent in the public service." It was a gentleman in whose veins ran the blood of the Duke's family who founded the magnificent Smithsonian Institution of America. James Smithson was the natural son of Sir Hugh Smithson, first Duke of Northumberland, to whom came the Dukedom and estates, who made the name of Percy his. Smithson's mother had been

twice a widow before he was born, and bequeathed to him a considerable fortune, which enabled him to devote his life to science. At his death he left his wealth to a nephew, for life, with reversion to the United States Government for the foundation of the institution which is now world-famous. "On my father's side," wrote the founder, "I am a Northumberland; on my mother's, I am related to Kings, but this avails me not. My name shall live in the memory of man when the titles of Northumberlands and Percys are extinct and forgotten." And yet few people know to-day that there ever was a James Smithson.



GREAT MEN IN CONSULTATION: THE GIANTS AT THE NICE CARNIVAL INDULGE IN A FRIENDLY CHAT

*Photograph by Branger.*



THE WINNING PAIR—WEIGHT, 568 LB. (40 STONE 8 LB.).

THE WINNERS OF THE FIRST, SECOND, AND THIRD PRIZES.

THE WEIGHTIEST MARRIED COUPLES IN BERLIN: THE WINNERS OF A RECENT COMPETITION.

# KEY-NOTES

THE Royal Choral Society celebrated Ash Wednesday by giving a fine performance of Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius," at the Albert Hall. Miss Gertrude Lonsdale sang the music allotted to the Angel, while Mr. Gervase Elwes and Mr. Dalton Baker bore the other burdens lightly. Few of Elgar's compositions have been more debated than this one, and it is hard to find a gathering of half-a-dozen people interested in music who are in agreement about its merits. But the composer has always suffered a little from too much praise or too much blame, because critics have been inclined to use him as a peg upon which to hang their own pet theories. The men to whom our more elderly and more academic composers are anathema can find no limitations in Elgar's work, while others who believe that the academic stamp is the only one that has any value are inclined to belittle the composer of "Gerontius" and "The Apostles." To make confusion worse confounded, Sir Edward Elgar, in his capacity of Professor of Music at Birmingham, has made from time to time remarks that would probably have been better left unmade, and has shown an inclination to regard critics much as the late and unlamented Mr. Bumble of "Oliver Twist" fame regarded juries. Of course, it is not easy to estimate a composer's place, or the value of a composer's work, when he has still many years of activity before him. Sir Edward is only fifty years of age, and it is possible that his best work has still to be written, though we are inclined to doubt whether parts of the "Dream of Gerontius" will be rivalled by anything he has yet to write.

The pianoforte and violin recital given by Signor Busoni and Signor Arrigo Serato at the Bechstein Hall last week provided music of a kind that is not often heard in London, even in these days when talent is almost at a discount. Each player is a master of his instrument, each must have been tempted at times to assert himself at the expense of a proper tone-balance; but it was seldom that the most sensitive ear could note a surrender to the temptation. Beethoven's Sonata in C minor for violin and pianoforte was finely rendered, and the Wieniawski Concerto in D minor was so splendidly interpreted that there were moments when the music itself had an interest that we do not associate very often with the composer. A fine performance of the Prelude, Aria, and Finale of César Franck would have completed the concert had there been less demand for an encore, a demand for which Busoni, who had played with extraordinary skill and feeling, was compelled to respond.

Those who are overwhelmed with the desire to hear the music of Richard Strauss's opera, "Salomé," will regret the trouble with the German Composers' Society that has led to the cancelling of

the arrangements by which a great part would have been given at the Queen's Hall on Friday next, under the direction of the composer himself. The decision of the German society being final and irrevocable, the concert will be devoted to Wagner and Tchaikovsky, whose genius will be interpreted by Mr. Wood. It is not altogether a matter for regret that the "Salomé" music will not be given at the Queen's Hall, for it would be shockingly out of place there, and could achieve little more than a success of curiosity. In the opera, book, music, and scenic accessories are united in the most skilful manner imaginable: each depends upon the others, with the result that the entire work makes an impression almost impossible to obliterate. It may be that Oscar Wilde's book can stand by itself, although it cannot be held to have half the effect that it possesses with music and setting; but, as far as the music itself is concerned, we have no hesitation in saying that it cannot be divorced from the book and scenery. It was not written for the concert platform; it is in no sense and for no time absolute music. It is to be feared that admirers of Strauss must wait to hear "Salomé" until they can go to the Continent, or until their representatives have succeeded in persuading the Premier to abolish the Censorship.



RICHARD WAGNER—FOR COMPARISON WITH THE PHOTOGRAPH OF HERR JOSEF KAINZ AS THE COMPOSER.

*Photograph by Elliott and Fry.*

Mr. Beecham will direct the second evening concert of the New Symphony Orchestra to-night at the Queen's Hall, and the programme is made up of orchestral works by Dvorák, Debussy, Holbrooke, and Vaughan Williams. Songs by Frederick Delius, Richard Strauss, and other modern writers are to be included, and Mr. Thomas Meux, whose recent success in the "Ring" at Covent Garden will not be forgotten, is to sing.

The directors of the Hampstead Conservatoire Orchestra are making an appeal for further support, and unless this is

forthcoming it may be that the orchestra will be disbanded. It is hardly necessary, perhaps, to point out that the break-up of this orchestra would entail a very serious loss upon London musical education, and it is to be hoped that those who really take an interest in music will rally to the support of a body that is doing the very best musical work. The question of England's claims to be considered a musical nation is very persistently discussed in the Press just now, and most English writers seem disposed to admit that this country can justify all claims made



HERR JOSEF KAINZ AS RICHARD WAGNER, AT THE PRAGUE THEATRE.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of Wagner's death was celebrated at the Prague Theatre by the production of a special play, in which Herr Josef Kainz appeared as the composer. The play dealt with an episode in Wagner's life in Paris, when he was thirty-seven.

on its behalf. But when we consider that the Ballad Concerts are crowded week after week and that the Hampstead Conservatoire Orchestra is in a difficult position, those of us who are unprejudiced are forced to the conclusion that the case for England as a musical nation is not as strong as it might be.

COMMON CHORD.





THE R.A.C. AND TAXATION—A DAIMLER DOES WELL IN INDIA—"RANJIT'S" FINE TASTE IN CARS—MICHELIN THE MONARCH'S MANUFACTURER—  
MR. ARTHUR DU CROS.

IT is satisfactory to learn that the Royal Automobile Club is far from seeing eye to eye with the Motor Union in the matter of increased motor-taxation balanceable by road-amelioration. The Club most wisely and advisedly recognise that so one-sided a bargain as the Motor Union appeared desirous of striking is altogether out of the question, and that, while opposing further taxation to the uttermost, its fair and equitable imposition is sought, if imposed it be. To tax cars by weight alone, as suggested by some, is the height of foolishness and injustice, and assuredly indicates that the advocates of this method are either woefully ignorant of all the facts concerned or have taken no thought as to the matter. The Club is desirous that a scale should be based upon its horse-power rating; but that would bear very lightly in cases where it should press, and heavily under conditions where the impost should be light. To arrive at a fair distribution, the weight of the car must be taken into consideration with the R.A.C. engine-rating.

The recent trials organised so successfully by the Motor Union of Western India have had the effect of demonstrating the grand running qualities of certain English-built cars. Even so keen a critic as Professor Dawson, Principal of the Victoria Jubilee Technical College, and honorary secretary of the Motor Union of Western India, is fain to express his approbation of the 28-h.p. Daimler he drove in these trials. The car was only delivered to the Professor a few hours before it was necessary he should take the road, and though there was no opportunity of tuning up, the car ran right through without a single hitch, making a non-stop absolute. The petrol-consumption was as low as 13.2 miles per gallon, lubricating oil  $1\frac{1}{2}$  gallons, and chain-grease 2 lb. Daimlers catch on in India; a 28-h.p. has just gone to the Hon. E. C. Colvin, C.I.E., the Agent to the Governor-General in Rajputana.

Writing of India reminds me that I have more than once referred to Prince Ranjitsinhji's keen enjoyment of motoring, for the princely cricketer always prefers to drive himself. He will, I think, be admitted to have an extremely nice and critical taste in automobiles when I say that his stud of cars includes no fewer than five Lanchesters; and one or more of the very latest types, which are revelations in docility, are going out presently to add to the number. Great athlete though he be, it is evident that, as an Oriental, the Prince has long discovered Lanchester and luxury to be synonymous terms.

Motor-car tyre maker to his Majesty the King. So Michelin, or rather the managing director of Messrs. Michelin, Limited, in this country, for, as I am given to understand, the royal warrant is granted only to individuals, and not to firms. Maybe, somewhere in the recesses of the minds of those who keep the King's conscience and his purse, there yet dwells a mediæval notion that by handicraft only may a king be served. Some surprise may be expressed at the granting of the warrant to a French firm in this particular; but as a matter of fact, at Messrs. Michelin and Co.'s works at Barking all English are employed, from the office-boy up. I am also informed that English labour has been found very reliable and satisfactory in the matter of the manufacture of pneumatic tyres.

Very naturally, of course, motorists looked upon Mr. Harvey Du Cros as Member of Parliament for automobilism as well as for Hastings, and all who realise the urgent necessity for such representation in the present House of Commons will rejoice that Mr. Arthur Du Cros so signally lowered Mr. Robert Harcourt's colours last week in "Sussex next the Sea." Mr. Arthur is not only a keen, but a practical automobilist, having served a stern novitiate in the earliest days with Edge and Jarrott, and is, moreover, at the head of a large industry closely allied with motoring.



CLEARING A ROAD FOR THE MOTOR-RACE ROUND THE WORLD: MOTORISTS AT ALBANY MAKING A TRACK THROUGH THE SNOW-DRIFTS FOR THE COMPETITORS.

Those competing in the 20,000 mile motor-race from New York to Paris have already met with great difficulties. They have encountered rain, blizzards, and snow, to say nothing of bad roads. A correspondent on one of the cars, telegraphing the other day, stated that until Tuesday of last week snow had kept the pace of his car to one mile an hour.—[Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau]



NOTED MOTORIST AND WIFE OF A NOTED MOTORIST: MRS. CHARLES JARROTT.

Even in the days when comparatively few English ladies had taken up motoring as a sport, Mrs. Charles Jarrott was famed among her friends for her intrepid nerve. She often sat at her husband's left hand when that great racing motorist was engaged in breaking road records on the Continent. Mrs. Jarrott is one of the pretty daughters of Mr. Vyner, the noted racehorse-owner, and she knows quite as much about horses as she does about motors. Her favourite hobby can be truly described as original, for it takes the form of collecting skulls! Among her treasures is a tiny watch concealed in the head of an ivory skull, the eyes and teeth of which consist of fine diamonds!

Photograph by Campbell-Gray.

# THE WORLD OF SPORT

PROSPECTS FOR THE FLAT-RACE SEASON—CHEAP RINGS—HULL RACES.

THE prospects for the flat-race season, which opens at Lincoln on the 23rd inst., are of the rosiest. The majority of the horses engaged at Lincoln and Liverpool have been in strong work for some little time, and fields will be large at the earlier spring meetings. It is said at Newmarket that his Majesty the King is very likely to win the Brocklesby Stakes with La La, and the touts at the turf headquarters are very sweet on the chances of Land League for the Lincoln Handicap. The earlier two-year-old races are not likely to bring out the best youngsters, as the big trainers nowadays do not believe in showing two-year-olds to the public before the Epsom Summer or the Ascot meeting. The Liverpool programme is a very valuable one this year, and it can be safely guessed that Maher will ride a few winners for Mr. G. Lambton's stable. Of course, the Grand National will, as usual, be the chief dish of the fixture. I still think that his Majesty's 'chaser Flaxman will run well, and I feel very certain that Kirkland, with Mason in the saddle, will get over the course all right. The Derby this year will be a big attraction if Perrier, owned by the King, is a fancied candidate at the finish. My Newmarket correspondent tells me the colt has made up into a very fine three-year-old. He has been kept on the go all the winter, but is not to be hurried in his preparation. I certainly think he has a big chance on paper.

Since the Betting Bill became law, the half-crown rings at all the Metropolitan race-meetings have been crowded. In the old days very few patronised the cheap enclosure at Sandown Park. Now, at all meetings held at Esher, the half-crown ring is full. Thanks to those responsible for the management of the rings, welshing is practically a thing of the past, while pickpockets and three-card-trick men find the race-courses played out as places to work. Many ready-money bettors favour the cheap rings because they get better prices than are offered in Tattersall's, and I think it is about time that some alteration were made in the matter of starting-prices. It is well known that the swells on the rails who bet on the nod have to accept the prices offered them by the man to whom they owe money. These transactions are posted as official starting-prices, and rule the settling. The little men, who go to market with cash in hand, do not accept pinched prices, and the consequence is the bookies trading in the small rings are, on

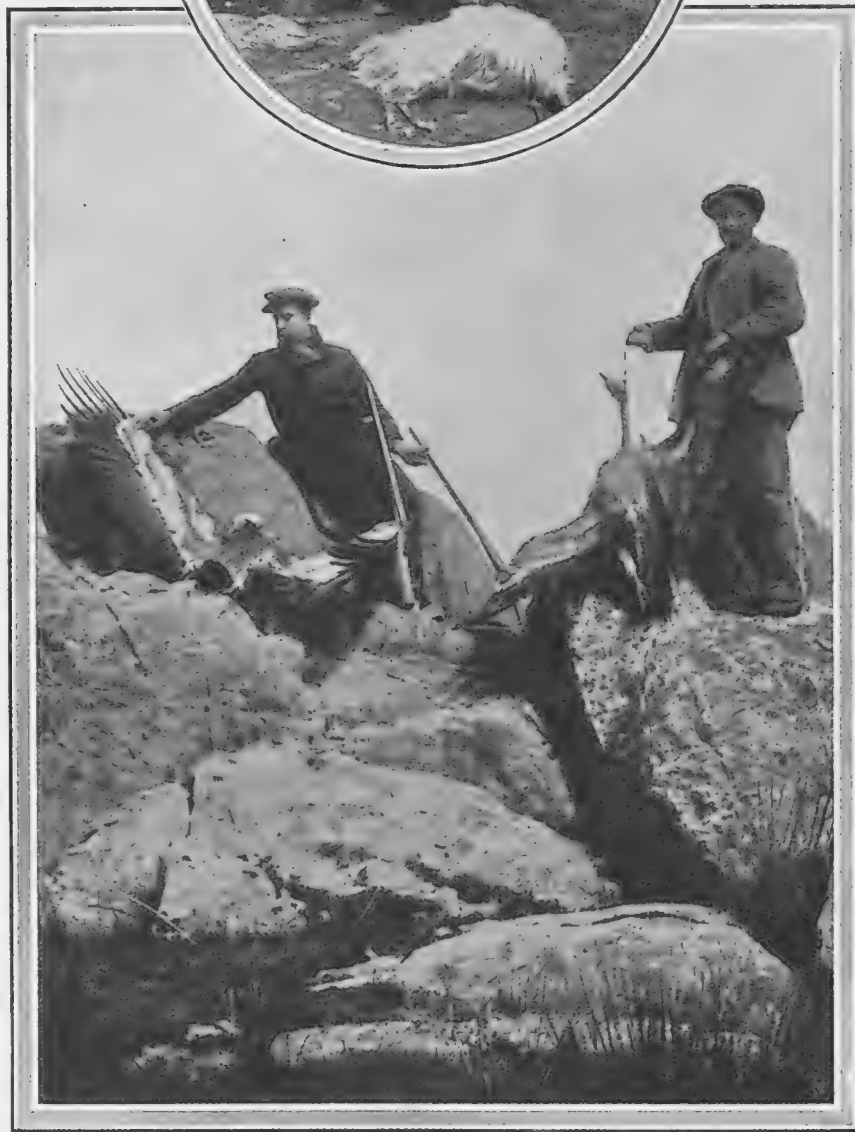
occasion, more liberal in their offers. I contend, then, that the starting-prices should be compiled in the half-crown enclosures, especially as the men who bet at home have to pay ready money, or, at the most, get one day's credit. Many of our young bloods who plunge heavily, and do not know where the money is to come from wherewith to pay their losses, if any, ought not to be allowed to rule the market, as it is well known that the layers take care to insure their bad debts, when possible, by the system of pinched odds, knowing full well that many of their dependents must either take it or leave it.

I think the meeting to be re-established on the Hull course will be very popular, as the management is well qualified to make any venture licensed by the Jockey Club a success. The meeting may help to fill the stables of some of the North-country trainers, who have not had over much patronage of late years. As Hull will be run on liberal lines, entries should not be lacking, especially for the £1000 handicap, and it is safe to guess that the fixture to come off on the Saturday of the Doncaster week will prove a big draw, despite the fact that it clashes with Folkestone. Owners need not hesitate to run their horses at Hull, as the turf is old and good. The stands are well appointed, and the course is easily get-at-able from the town. The Hon. George Lambton is one of the directors of the company, and it is safe to anticipate the patronage of the Stanley House stable, which would mean the appearance of Danny Maher at the meetings. I hope that the club charges will not be too high, as many of the meetings started of late years have made the mistake of putting their prices above the pockets of ordinary club habitués. Five pounds per annum would, I think, be quite sufficient to bring in a good revenue, and this would also ensure the club enclosure being well filled at all meetings. Messrs. Ford and Sons, who have undertaken the management of the meeting, can be relied on to get plenty of entries, and sport at all times should be good. I

am told that several meetings will be held under National Hunt rules, and a rumour is rife in the North that the York executive intend to go in for jumping on their course. This they should have done years ago, as the winter meetings at Doncaster always yield well, and the Northerners are partial to the winter sport.

CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's Monday Tips will be found on our "City Notes" page.



HUNTING THE WORLD'S SCAVENGERS: VULTURES SHOT IN THE MOUNTAINS.

The vulture is dying out, and this is due largely to those sanitary arrangements which cause the quick destruction of the offal upon which the birds feed. They are to be found now, so far as Europe is concerned, chiefly in the Balkans, the Pyrenees, and the Carpathians. Their eyries are very high, and are exceedingly difficult of access.



## WOMAN'S WAYS.

By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

### Fishing for Guests.

Fishing for guests is the newest sport in Mayfair, and any fine morning in Bond Street you may see pretty ladies busily occupied with the gentle art. The compleat angler knows the kind of day when young men—like trout—will rise. Indeed, skill with the rod is indispensable to the modish hostess nowadays, for no one makes plans a week ahead or issues solemn invitations for dinners and dances a month off. A party, to be "smart" and enjoyable, must be born like a midge on a summer's day. The telephone is set working, a dozen orders are given, and milady sallies forth into Bond Street and Piccadilly to pick up recruits for her proposed entertainment that night. Now that the Park is no longer the fashion of a morning, the enterprising hostess must hover in the precincts of St. James's Street and cast her line to catch young gentlemen on their way to their clubs. It is difficult to refuse Beauty when she looks at you beseechingly from the window of a Limousine. Moreover, this new pastime is, like Diabolo, merely a revival of one in high vogue a hundred years ago, for the lively Comtesse de Boigne recalls the fact that Lady Harington used to trot up and down Bond Street in the year 1800, picking up guests for a party the same night, which proves that in London, as well as in Paris, *plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose!*

### Oh, What a Change was There!

Ouida's Guardsmen used, if I remember right, to live chiefly on green Chartreuse, but if one were to set out to depict an officer of the "Blues," the Coldstreams, or the Scots nowadays one would have to show him imbibing cold water with his lunch, and plaguily little wine—if any—at his dinner. Temperance has taken a strong hold on the higher classes of England, the middle classes are already following suit, and soon the greatest drinking class of all will emulate their betters, and call for ginger-pop instead of ardent liquids. But, with a universal distaste for the flowing bowl, we shall presently be in a parlous state; for, seeing that the duties on alcohol support our Army and Navy, we shall be in the position of having admirably temperate officers, but no battalions or companies for them to command. However, no doubt a way will be found out of the difficulty by a foreseeing Chancellor of the Exchequer: a tremendous duty will be clapped on to sparkling lemonade; soda water will be as expensive as champagne, and a draught from the scullery-tap will cost as much as a bottle of Mouton-Rothschild. In short, the taxpayer never is, but always will be, blest.

### A Burning Question.

What to do with your hat at a theatre when you are firmly asked to take it off—usually in the middle of an act—is one of the burning questions of the day. It is a curious fact that in these times of the No Hat Brigade you never see a lady enter a theatre in the afternoon without a head-covering. I see hatless females walking, skating, motoring, boating, and cycling, but I have never seen a woman "in her hair," as the French say, at a theatre. It is possible—but not probable—that the hatless brigade eschew the playhouse, but the problem remains of what to do with the bonnet which an unsympathetic public has made one remove. To nurse it in your lap means that it will slither off, and be trodden under foot by the wild beasts who occupy the stalls. A good way is to skewer it with long hat-pins, and drive it into the back of the stall opposite you, but in so acting you will probably drive your pin also into the shoulder-blades of the occupant, who may or may not object, according to his breeding and tact. If much worried by the person behind, perhaps the best plan is to hand your hat to him to "nurse" during the rest of the play, when you will find that he will promptly give it back to you and beg you to put it on, especially if it has many feathers, streamers, and pins inserted at divers angles.



[Copyright.]

ONE OF THE NEW CHIP HATS.

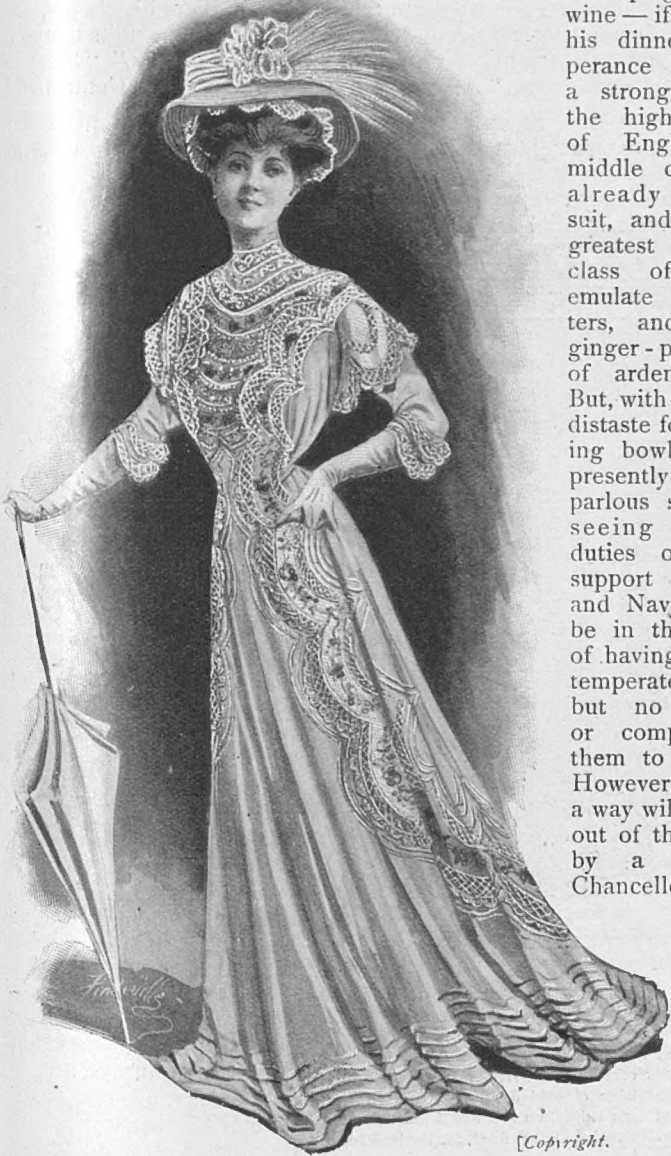
(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

### The Roaring Forties.

Miss Sankey Jones (the name is not a pretty one, but I cannot help that) has recently made herself famous in New York by giving a Turkish-bath party and by topping the entertainment with a lecture on "How to be Attractive, though Forty." Once upon a time, the age of twoscore was supposed to put an end to all feminine pretensions. At forty, a woman might possibly be fair, but she was certainly fat, and under these conditions she was expected, as the French say, to "abdicate." Not so in the year 1908. At forty nowadays a woman and a politician are supposed to be beginning their careers, and a lecturer coming to London to train the elderly to attract would have to entitle her address, "How to be Seductive, though Sixty."

### Criminals at the Altar.

I never go to a wedding without feeling deeply for the protagonists in the unseemly display. And nine times out of ten the unfortunate bride and bridegroom, like the prisoner in the dock, seem, in the language of the reporter, "to feel their position acutely." And small wonder. For not only are two unoffending burgesses made a puppet-show of on the most trying and delicate occasion of their lives, but, unless they have taken stringent measures to prevent it, the parson will give them such a rousing lecture at the end of the ceremony as will make them heartily regret they ever embarked on the adventure of matrimony. They are talked to like criminals, and hectorred like inmates of a reformatory, and the organist who recently played (by mistake) "Fight the good fight with all your might" instead of "The Voice that breathed o'er Eden" added only an ironic touch to the sacerdotal attitude towards youthful married pairs.



[Copyright.]

A WHITE RIVIERA GOWN IN SATIN-FACED SOUPLE CLOTH.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)



## THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

THE QUEEN is very happy to have her sister, the Empress Marie Feodorovna, with her. During this month of the King's stay at Biarritz the royal sisters will enjoy each other's companionship uninterruptedly. At one time there was a close personal resemblance between them; there is now very little. The Empress is not an old-looking woman for her age, although she has not worn in the same marvellous manner as our Queen.



PRESENTED AT HIS MAJESTY'S LAST COURT: MISS FLORENCE MARSHALL.

She is darker, and the chief difference lies in expression. Her Imperial Majesty's face is almost expressionless; that of the Queen we know well in its gracious, quiet sweetness. When over here before, the Empress was delighted with all that she saw and with the freedom of our country. She is a woman of great force of character and of much cleverness, but lacks the sweet feminine graces of disposition of our Queen.

Lady Londonderry is well again, and was looking remarkably "fit" and very handsome last week at Lord and Lady Farquhar's dinner-party and subsequent dance,

and at later royal parties for the Empress-Dowager of Russia. Lady Londonderry is one of the personages of Society; she has entertained almost every crowned head and royal visitor to London, and is, I believe, to be honoured by having the Empress as a guest. All winter she has been a victim to neuritis, and has been obliged to keep quiet; now, however, the handsome Marchioness is herself again.

Hats nowadays are not so much frames for faces as back-grounds for hair. In whatever way the hair is dressed, a large amount of it is required. Sometimes Nature is good enough to make the supply equal to the demand. Not, however, is she invariably sufficiently bountiful in this respect. What is a matter for congratulation is the charming way in which art simulates nature. At the International Hair Company, 10, Newman Street, Oxford Street, and 43, Brompton Road, it is quite extraordinary how natural deficiencies are either made up for or assisted. The company supply direct and at first cost. They are up to date in the most satisfactory degree. Every style of hair-dressing is studied, and the wherewithal to accomplish it supplied. A copy of their brochure, "How to be Beautiful," is well worth writing for, if only to discover how many varieties of becoming coiffures there are.

Wedding presents are always with us—that is to say, the demands for them. Some unimaginative and mercantile-minded men give always the same thing. It saves their time and their money, they will tell you; but it is extremely dull for the recipient. That money should be saved if value can be secured I always advise. Therefore I can call attention, with an April full of big weddings awaiting us, to a sale at John Pound and Co.'s well-known establishments at 211, Regent Street; 67, Piccadilly; 177-8, Tottenham Court Road; and 81-84, Leadenhall Street, E.C.—there is plenty of choice for purchasers—which is now nearing its end. At it, for these few ensuing days, fitted dressing-bags and cases of all kinds, trunks, bags, gold and silver presents, watches, cutlery, and beautiful fancy leather things are being offered at greatly reduced prices. A saving of this kind is always a pleasure, because it confers benefit on the recipient, for John Pound and Co.'s productions are well known for their thorough goodness, and for their variety and novelty too.

The Riviera season is now in full swing. Every day fresh people are arriving, who are fleeing from easterly winds and Lenten dullness here. The newest dresses are of the clinging variety; many are in adapted Directoire style. On "Woman's Ways" page will be found a drawing of a white gown in the new satin-faced souple

cloth. It has an adapted Directoire coat effect, and is finished with insertions of Irish lace and with a raised silken embroidery in Chinese blue and russet flowers. There is also a picture of one of the new chip hats, having drooping ostrich-plumes all round the crown, and a rosette of soft miroir velvet at one side.

## THE ALHAMBRA.

Some of the "turns" in the present Alhambra programme are of more than common interest. Few people could watch Les Amato in

their enthralling act without a thrill of apprehension, for these people perform a daring act on the highest rung of an unsupported ladder, and if they were to lose their nerve, could hardly hope to preserve their lives. Mlle. Bordin is back to dance in "Les Cloches de Corneville," and if the tempi could be varied more often, if the pantomime could be taken slowly now and again, if Signor Alfredo Curti would but remember that the bustling movement would derive added significance from occasional repose, the interest of the work would be much stronger than it is. Bordin

is a dancer of rare gifts, and some of the steps she executes with consummate ease would baffle many a prima ballerina, but the work she is required to do in "Les Cloches" is not always in keeping with the best traditions of her art. Of the little divertissement, "Cupid Wins," it is only necessary to say that it is a pleasant trifle brightly rendered, and set to pretty music from Mr. George Byng's fluent pen.

Mr. Daniel M. Gant has just issued a booklet that should be of interest to sportsmen. It contains full particulars of Mr. Gant's business and of the facilities and advantages he offers his clients, and can be obtained from 25, Conduit Street, W. Amongst its features, are "Daniel M. Gant's Code," "Flat Race Fixtures," "Steeplechase Fixtures," and "A Unique Business—How it is Controlled."

For the Wye Steeplechases, on March 12, the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway will run a special train, leaving Charing Cross at 11.40 a.m., Waterloo 11.42 a.m., London Bridge 11.45 a.m., first class only; return day fare, 11s. (including admission to the course). A special train, third class only, return day fare 7s. (including admission to the course), will leave Charing Cross 11.10 a.m., Waterloo 11.13 a.m., London Bridge 11.20 a.m., and New Cross 11.25 a.m. Special cheap tickets will also be issued from various centres.

Everyone is delighted with the portrait enlargements which the Oxo Company are executing for those of their customers who collect a guinea's-worth of Oxo coupons. Anyone's photograph can be enlarged, provided it is not copyrighted, and, of course, the enlargements, which are mounted on artistic pearl-grey mounts, are quite free from advertising matter.

The "Eetot" Patent Cooker would have sounded like an Arabian Night's legend to the housewife of a generation ago, and even the housewife of the period, who has become used to the miracles resulting from the application of science to domesticity, marvels at the "Eetot" cooker, which cooks the dinner without fire, and will keep the food hot from

eight to ten hours without overcooking. The cooker can be obtained in a variety of sizes, ranging in price from £1 1s. for one pot, sufficient for two persons, to £3 with three pots, sufficient for eight persons, and can be got from all high-class stores, silversmiths, travelling-requisite dealers, ironmongers, etc. Full particulars will be readily supplied by the wholesalers, Messrs. A. E. Gutmann and Co., 8, Long Lane, Aldersgate Street, E.C.



PRESENTED AT HIS MAJESTY'S LAST COURT: MISS ELLA MARSHALL.



THE GRAND HALL AT MESSRS. SHOOBRED'S.

With rooms radiating from its classic walls, and furnished with valuable antiques, the Grand Hall must be seen to be appreciated by lovers of beauty and artistic arrangement. Handsome Ionic columns lend dignity to the apartment. In the centre is a unique table of rich old Spanish mahogany, with superbly carved truss supports. Around are a choice collection of antiques, including a beautifully inlaid Italian marqueterie cabinet, a fine old Dutch inlaid chest, and grandfather clocks. On the floor is a magnificent Persian carpet, with felt surround, and overhead is a Georgian candelabra of bold design. The Hall is but one item of a most interesting exhibition at Messrs. Shoobred's, an exhibition all should see. Those who cannot visit it should write to the firm at Tottenham House, Tottenham Court Road, for the booklet, "The Furnishing of the Future."



## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on March 24.*

## MONEY AND MARKETS.

WITH a  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. Bank Rate present, and a 3 per cent. Rate within sight, the markets should settle down to steady improvement before this month ends. It is very unfortunate that the Kaiser-correspondence incident should have arisen to place a fresh check upon business already sufficiently attenuated, but we are inclined to believe that investment prices will soon mend again.

## OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"You'll get caught one of these days, safe as Consols," and Our Stroller's broker laughed uneasily as he piloted his client through the doors of the House.

"I'll risk it," was the reply, as the Fourteen Hundred looked round at a scene he was by no means unacquainted with. "Don't stand by me if you'd rather not."

The broker pulled off one of the grey-blue slips from a waiter's stand, and maintained he feared nothing.

"Now then," said a business-like merchant, approaching the pair. "Now then, on the Boat Race. What do you say to the Boat Race?"

"Go and be hanged!" the broker advised him. "I don't—"

"What's all that jangling noise?" asked Our Stroller.

"They're only tossing," the broker replied. "Come and see."

One man drew a handful of mixed coins from his pocket, exposed it to view for about a second, and then offered to take long odds that nobody would guess the exact amount. A few wagers were made, and the bank won.

Our Stroller was amused. "But where's the business?" he demanded. "Here's a little crowd. I wonder—"

A gentleman of generous proportions formed the centre of a circle highly interested. He was raffling a gold watch.

"Seems to be a lot of trade doing," observed Our Stroller sarcastically. "Perhaps those fellows over there—"

The air suddenly became multi-coloured with confetti as the pair drew near. The clinging stuff descended as in a shower.

"What does it mean?" queried Our Stroller.

"Somebody's going away to-morrow to get married, I suppose," his broker answered. "That's all."

At this moment a bell rang out.

Instantly there arose a wild clamour. Boos, hisses, whistling, and shouts of "Holiday! Holiday!" commingled in noisy tumult.

"What on earth's going to happen?" asked Our Stroller, looking round for the quickest exit.

"That's nothing," said his broker. "See that waiter calling out? He is summoning a meeting of the Stock Exchange Committee, and we always like them to feel they're appreciated. See?"

A man pushed by the broker with some force, and did not turn round to apologise.

"Coming back?" shouted the broker after him. There was no retort.

"Clumsy brute!" the broker growled, steering his charge towards the Consol Market. "Any change in beer?" he asked a passer-by.

"Beer? Still flat," Our Stroller heard him say.

"Likely to be until they amend the Licensing Bill by extending the time-limit to twenty years."

"Are they likely to?"

"Everybody here says so, anyway."

"I should think they will," added Our Stroller, stopping a second to admire the beautiful War Memorial, the glory of the Stock Exchange, which some members to this day have not noticed, boldly conspicuous as it is.

"Any change in Consols?"

"Not a bit. Steady. That's all you can say."

"And likely to be quiet till the Budget, I should say," commented the broker, the jobber agreeing with him. "There's a good undertone about the market," the jobber added. "I can't help seeing a rise myself."

"There doesn't appear to be much sign of Stock Exchange distress," Our Stroller said with a smile, as he surveyed the markets.

The broker shrugged his shoulders. "Two different men have been to me already to-day," he observed. "Both members of over ten years' standing—no connection with each other. Can I give them a job of any sort? They'd be thankful for fifty shillings a week."

"Is that so?"—and Our Stroller looked thoughtful.

"Not a pleasant subject," and the broker dismissed it with a wave of his hand. "Look at these lists by way of contrast."

One was for the Veterans' Relief Fund, and contained over five hundred pounds; another was for the underfed school children of London, and bore long lists of names; a third pleaded for Salvation Army work, and had been liberally supported.

"There's also a collection going on for the National Lifeboat Institution," added the broker. "The money seems to roll in somehow from somewhere."

"What's that chap doing?" Our Stroller asked, pointing to a man who stood upon a bench with long strings of names in his hand.

"He is buying-in something or other. Come and listen."

The pair stood beneath the official auctioneer and heard him rapidly buy-in three or four lots of shares one after the other. Then he came to one in which he was unable to deal: evidently no stock was afloat.

"So that's buying-in, is it?" and The Stroller looked interested. "But I thought that you were never able to get shares bought in?"

The broker's merry laugh at the innocence of his friend drew a general attention, from which Our Stroller considered it politic to escape with what speed he safely could.

## SOME NEW ISSUES.

Amidst much that is gloomy and depressing in the present condition of affairs on the Stock Exchange, the success of many recent issues affords a ray of comfort, and seems to show that there is plenty of money awaiting investment where the security offered is sound. The new India  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. loan was popular from the first, and has now become firmly established on a basis of over 3 per cent. premium. The more recent success of the Canadian Government Loan, issued a point higher than the India stock, and returning the same rate, is still more striking. Several of the Argentine Railway Companies have made new issues of Debenture stocks and of shares, and in most cases these are now quoted at a considerable advance upon the issue price. Among Industrial Companies, Vickers, Sons, and Maxim have made an issue of 5 per Cent. Third Debenture stock, which was over-subscribed, and is already at a small premium. I should like to draw special attention to this stock, which is certain to attain a higher price. The 5 per Cent. Non-cumulative Preferred stock of the same Company stands at 102-6, and is thus quoted rather higher than the Debenture stock, which ranks before it. Moreover, the  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per Cent. Second Debenture stock is being redeemed by annual drawings, and will be paid off by 1919, when the new 5 per Cent. stock will rank second only to  $\pounds 1,250,000$  of 4 per Cent. First Mortgage Debentures. The new stock should go in time to at least 110. Many of the Financial Trust Companies have also been making issues of Debenture stock, and find little difficulty in obtaining money on about a 4 per cent. basis. There has been published this week the prospectus of the Metropolitan Trust Company's new issue of  $\pounds 300,000$  of 4 per Cent. Debenture stock, to rank *pari passu* with the present stock, quoted in the market at 100-102. Although it is still one of the smaller Trust Companies, this Company has been as successful as any, and the dividend on the Ordinary stock, which is very difficult to obtain at about 140, has increased year by year. The Debentures are, of course, amply secured. The Mercantile Investment and General Trust issued last year  $\pounds 250,000$  of  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per Cent. Perpetual Second Debenture stock, which was freely taken at 97 $\frac{1}{2}$ , and is now understood to be arranging for the issue of the remaining  $\pounds 250,000$  of this stock. I need hardly point out what an excellent investment such a stock affords at anything near par. There is a million of Preferred stock, and the same amount of Deferred stock, both receiving 5 per cent., which would have to be swept away before the Second Debenture stock's interest could be endangered. The River Plate and General Investment Trust, another of the more successful of the smaller Companies, issued  $\pounds 150,000$  of 4 per Cent. Debenture stock last year, and will shortly, it is understood, offer the remaining  $\pounds 100,000$  of the same stock. The security here, again, is excellent, the Debenture stock representing only a third of the whole nominal capital. The Deferred stock of this Company is likely to be put on a 7 per cent. basis, next year, if not this, and should go to 120. Q.

Saturday, March 7, 1908.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

SCHEDIOS.—We think well of Canadian Pacifics in the long future, but it is very likely that Canadian prosperity may suffer in the next few months from the United States financial troubles. We prefer C.P. to Grand Trunks.

LLANARTRO.—The address you want is 27, Clements Lane, E.C.

VULCAN.—Private replies are only sent in accordance with Rule 5 of the correspondence rules. "Q" tells us that he has no special information as to the company you name, and does not care to give an opinion.

M.V.E.T.—Your letter was answered on the 6th inst.

SHALE.—We believe the Oil shares are good. The chairman certainly believed what he said, and "Q" also believes every word of it; but many people's ducks are swans to the parental eye.

NOVICE.—The banks are all good; the slump in silver and the depression in South Africa have affected the first and second. We do not think increased dividends can be expected under existing conditions. There is no reason to sell. The following securities may suit you: (1) Cuba Gold Bonds; (2) B. A. and Rosario Railway Ordinary stock; (3) River Plate Trust Ordinary stock, or see "Q's" note.

MAEVE.—Yes, the Mexican Southern Railway is a very promising speculative investment, and likely to improve.

PHELIM.—(1) See answer to "Shale." "Q" has the greatest faith in the Company. The delay in production has disappointed holders, and in these stagnant markets very little selling sends shares down. (2) We do not know what will be the future of the Diamond market; much depends on a recovery in the United States. We should not sell at present prices.

ANGEL.—Buy (1) American Freehold Land 6 per Cent. Preference stock if you can get any; if not, Foreign American and General Investment Trust Deferred stock.

S. W.—We make no pretence to give gambling tips. To change English and Scotch Railway Preference for Mexican Second Preference or Ordinary is to alter the whole character of the investment from one of safety to a gamble, and the latter name is the only one to apply to either the purchase or sale of Steel Corporation.

## MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Gatwick Sprinkle Me should win the March Steeplechase and Storm Jack the Ockley Hurdle. At Wye I think Oh Fie will go close for the Maiden Hurdle and Macora for the Wye Hurdle. For the National Hunt Meeting at Warwick I fancy the following: National Hunt Steeplechase, Wardstown; Prichard Steeplechase, Jenkinstown; National Hunt Juvenile Steeplechase, Flaxseed; Foxhunters' Plate, Longmoor Lass. I like the following for Hurst Park: Hampton Hurdle, Sea Kid; New Century Steeplechase, Mount Prospect II.; Richmond Hurdle, Mitral; Spring Hurdle, D'Orsay. At Hooton these may be followed: Cheshire Hurdle, Clinker; Great Cheshire Steeplechase, Cissy's Revel; Spring Hurdle, True as Steel; Rossmore Welter Flat Race, Reality.



## CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"First Person Paramount." By Ambrose Pratt. (Ward, Lock.)—"The Mother." By Eden Phillpotts. (Ward, Lock.)

HAD "First Person Paramount" been written when the booth was in its heyday, someone would have made a play of it—a play that would have rivalled "Maria Martin; or, The Murder in the Red Barn." It is gory enough, sensational enough, impossible enough to satisfy even the most blasé occupant of a carpet-seat. That is not to say, however, that it is not good of its kind. It is excellent of its kind, and it is written with a dash that carries it safely over a myriad pitfalls. Agar Hume himself would have made any mummer a popular actor. None could resist so ingenious a rascal. And he *was* ingenious. For a year or two he lived by mimicking theatrical favourites, and the training stood him in good stead when he set out upon his career of blackmailing. How, save by experience, could he have gained the knowledge that, given a sufficiency of make-up, he could impersonate practically any living man; how could he have learned the value of disguising the teeth? What a fortune he would have been to an advertising dentist, with or without a big drum. Hear him—

Now, in all the paraphernalia of disguises there is nothing so important as the item of teeth.

[He had none of his own.—ED.]

Teeth give expression to both mouth and voice. A difference of one-twentieth fraction of an inch in their length, for instance, will alter the voice beyond hope of recognition, even to a truly practised ear, however fine its sense of perception. As to the lips, they at once become drawn out, and utterly transformed in shape. My last and most tender care, therefore, was bestowed upon my teeth. I visited a dozen different dentists, and procured a dozen sets of varying shapes and sizes, whose only point of resemblance was that they fitted my mouth.

No wonder many sought to draw his teeth, and that he himself was fond of attempting to draw those of others. It may be remarked also that he had a countenance so plastic that it would take and hold any given form—

I had once known rather intimately a Polish Jew named Kutnewsky. . . . Him I resolved to personate. . . . The wonderful development of my facial muscles enabled me to raise or depress the tip of my nose at will, so as to lend it either a pug or a Judaic cast, as I preferred.

Do you not see the posters? The Human Chameleon. Never the Same. See him Change his Nose and Teeth and Clothes. Walk Up! Walk Up! For all this, as I have said, the story repays the reading. Its absurdities are many—but fascinating; its horrors are real horrors.

"The Mother" has all the good points that usually mark Mr. Phillpotts's work, and some of the bad. Once again Dartmoor

yields many a fine picture of Nature, many a fine character-study; once again Mr. Phillpotts has written at too great a length, and has halted at times when he might with advantage have walked briskly. Yet the merits far outweigh the faults, and the book were well worth the reading if only for the masterly drawing of the mother herself, and her hot-blooded, tempestuous son. Avis Pomeroy feared for her boy, for she remembered herself in youth, and knew that he was like her. And she fought against his passions, would have seen him happy and married, did what she thought was best when she thought best, even gave him up to the police to save him. He was wanted for poaching—

The men came up the garden path, and their voices sounded loud in the silence. Avis Pomeroy did not hear her girl. She was looking up at the sky over the moor. Her mind worked swiftly and her lips moved. "Lord have mercy on my son! Lord have mercy on my son," she whispered to herself again and again.

Then she felt her daughter's hand, and heard Lizzie cry once more—

"Save him, mother, save him!"

It seemed now that Avis came to herself.

"Bear yourself braver, Lizzie. Yes—yes; I'll save him, please God."

She turned to the men. . . .

She led them to the Vixen, while Lizzie hastened to her grandmother with the tidings of what had happened. "Given him up! Given Ives up!" cried the ancient. "Given my son's son to the constables! Lord deliver us, Lizzie. Is it the end of the world?"

Avis took the men to the foot of Vixen Tor, and Ives, hidden from view, watched his secret divulged and his escape defeated.

So Ives was taken to "clink," and there was hatred for his mother in his heart. Yet the call of the blood came to him, and one night he went home. Supper was ready for him, as usual—

Breathless, with her bed-room door ajar, she listened; heard the back window opened, marked the footfall in the kitchen. Beneath was the usual preparation: a lamp turned low, a hot meal put by, plate and glass, knife and fork, and a few words on a piece of paper—

*Supper in the oven, dear heart. Good night.—Mother.*

With straining ears she listened, but did not go down to him. She heard stealthy movements, and once the clink of glass. Then, after half-an-hour had passed, the man went out as quietly as he had entered; the window closed; the dog barked again; Ives had come and gone.

Soon he came back to stay. Not long afterwards the mother died, but her influence lived on, swaying her son even in his most malignant moods. He was accused of arson, of the burning of his rival's ricks. Much trouble was his, disappointment, care, then happiness. And in the end he wedded the woman of his mother's choice—

Pomeroy was not considering Stone Park. "Two," he said, harping back to the great matters in his mind; "two of the best women God ever made, and one—one bore me—and t'other be going to marry me. I've had a mighty deal more luck than my share, Moleskin." There awakened a great light out of the east, and the birds sang together. Dawn bloomed rather than broke—budded and bloomed where little cloudlets opened scarlet petals under the feet of day.

# "TOWN KIT"

MORNING COATS  
FROCK COATS  
LOUNGE SUITS  
DRESS SUITS  
ETC.

LATEST  
FASHION  
DETAILS.

EXPERIENCED  
CUTTERS  
EMPLOYED.

Gentlemen Personally waited upon. Catalogue sent on application.

**E. GEORGE & CO.,**

MAKERS OF THE CELEBRATED "GEORGE" MOTOR COAT,

DEVONSHIRE HOUSE, 87, REGENT ST., W.

**DO YOU REQUIRE  
A PHOTOGRAPHIC OUTFIT,  
A NEW LENS, CAMERA for the STUDIO,  
FOCAL-PLANE, TWIN-LENS, or other CAMERA?**

SEND FOR

ROSS' Illustrated List of Most Recent and Improved Model Cameras.

ROSS' Special Pamphlet and Prices of the New "HOMOCENTRIC" Lenses.

ROSS' Price List of Ross-Zeiss Lenses.

ROSS' Catalogue of Microscopes, Telescopes, Prism Binoculars, Field Glasses, etc., Free by Post.

**Ross' New 'Homocentric' Lenses**

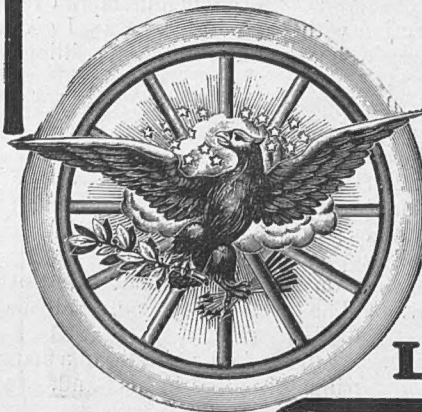
are suitable for every Purpose of Amateur and Professional Photography.

To be obtained of

**ALL LEADING DEALERS AND OPTICIANS.**

ROSS' Optical Works, Clapham Common, London, S.W.  
Established 1830.

**HUTCHINSON  
TRADE MARK.  
TYRES**



ANDREW KING & CO., LTD.,  
Victoria Garage, Nottingham.

"We have sent you an 875 x 105 cover of your make which has been taken off a 16-20 Brazier Car. This tyre has done, up to taking it off, 6,599 miles, and has not punctured. It has always been on the driving wheel, and speaks well of the wearing qualities of your tyres."

A. KING & CO., LTD.

13, MADDOX ST., LONDON, W.

**WEAR  
LONGEST**